

November
25 Cents

La Parée

**SEARCH
FOR
LOVE**

By

**GASTON
DEVEREAUX**





"Stop Worrying...now I can tell you the true facts about SEX"

THE unhappiness you pity in your friends' lives... despair... shame... disease... all these may come to you unless you act now so that your own life may escape the penalties of sex ignorance! A little sex knowledge is more dangerous than none at all, because the half truths on which you base your sex life may lead you into the pitfall of harmful sex practices.

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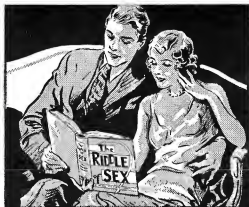
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La Paree

STORIES

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TETE-A-TETE

NOTICE:—No letter will be published unless the writer gives permission to print his or her full name and address.—*The Editor.*

Dear Mr. Editor:

After reading your pleasure giving magazine for some time, we have realized the full worth of their presence, and under no circumstances would we give them up.

We are two British soldiers serving in China, and we would be very much obliged to correspond with "Peppy Pals" (females preferred) all over the globe. We have visited India, Egypt and China, and our experiences are first rate.

Bill and I have been together for 10 years, and we have very much in common. Jack is 22 years of age, height 5 ft. 9 ins. weight 156 lbs., with blue eyes and fair hair. Bill is 21 years of age, height 5 ft. 8 ins., weighing 140 lbs., with hazel eyes and dark sleek hair.

We hope you will find this a place in your Peppy column, and we are sure our empty evenings will quickly come to an end. So here's hoping for thousands of letters from you young ladies, and we promise to answer them all.

Yours sincerely,

Bill Byron and Jack Burston.
(Band), 2nd East Lancashire Regiment,
Hong Kong, China.

Dear Sir:

I have been lately reading your publication "La Paree", and am very much interested in the activities which you are carrying on.

I desire to be a member of your Tete-a-

Tete club, and have to request you to find me lady friends from all parts of the world and especially India.

I am 26 years old, my height is 5 ft. 3 ins. I am fair in colour. I am in business, in the capacity of a managing director of a limited firm. I love art, music and wit and humour.

Please find me lady friends who are of advanced views. I can write a lot to them about India and can hear from them about their places. Please treat this as urgent.

Thanking you and assuring my full co-operation,

I remain,

Yours truly,

S. V. Kethary.

Boghani St., Rajkot, India.

Dear Editor:

We are constant readers of "La Paree", and we look forward to its appearance every month. We are rather lonely, and our mail is conspicuous by its absence. We should feel obliged if you inserted the following plea in your popular magazine.

We welcome interesting letters from readers of "La Paree." We promise to send six startling Indian novels to the first six replies.

J. A. E. Burke,

M. B. Sweeney.

B Company, 1st King's Regt.,

Julbulpore, C. P., India.

INEVITABLE MAN

By

MICHEL VILLON

THERE were only two of us in the stifling saloon of the coastwise steamer. The natives had only bought deck-space, and were not allowed inside. This other man and myself appeared to be the only white people on board—apart from the officers—and it was only natural that I should join him at the

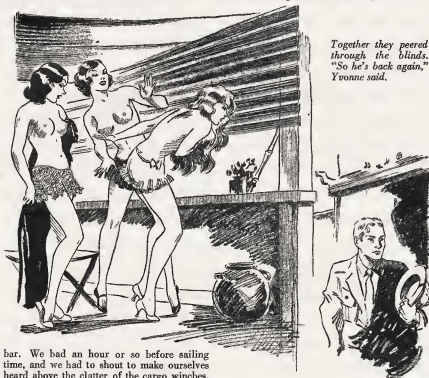
"Merci, bien. Cognac."

"Deux," I said to the Chinese bartender. He placed a squat bottle before us and we helped ourselves.

"A votre bon santé," I said.

"A le vôtre," replied the other. We had another one apiece before I said,

Together they peered through the blinds. "So he's back again," Yvonne said.



bar. We had an hour or so before sailing time, and we had to shout to make ourselves heard above the clatter of the cargo winches, and the piercing skirl of the quartermasters' whistles.

"Good evening," I said, in French, naturally.

"Good evening," he replied, in the same language.

"May I have the pleasure of buying you something to drink, m'sieur?"

"You are going to Singapore, m'sieur?"

"Oui. I connect there with the Toulon for Casablanca."

"You are, I take it, with the Foreign Legion?"

"Yes. I've been transferred. I have just finished serving two years here in Saigon."

"Funny," I said. "One seems always to associate the Legion only with Morocco. One forgets that there are outposts in Indo-China, also. One must become very bored, *hein, m'sieur?*"

"Not always. Sometimes things happen." He filled his glass again, drained it, then turned to me. "Let us sit down," he said, "I'll tell you a little story which might amuse you."

Taking the bottle with us, we sat down at one of the tables, and my companion lighted a cigarette. This is the story as I heard it that evening in the hot salon of the coastal steamer.

IT WAS TOO hot for even the thinnest of clothes, and the three girls lolled about on the wicker furniture clad in only their underwear. Yvonne and Marie were both dark, and life in the tropics had not been kind to them. Their skins had both lost the first flush of youth, and their bodies were beginning to run a little to seed. Their breasts, although still comparatively young in years, were the breasts of older women. They were large, they were inclined to droop and the crests were considerably spread. There was a general flabbiness about them, produced by years in a climate not meant for white women.

Paulette was eighteen, and as yet untouched by the ravages of the sun and heat. Her hair was the color of spun gold, and it hung almost to her waist. Cornflower blue eyes, set in dark, thick lashes twinkled with youth and health. She was not very tall, and although her frame was well covered, it was not fat, and the flesh was white and firm. Her breasts, too, were large. But there was a difference. Here there was no hint of sag. They stuck out, straight and firm, and their coral crests were small and, although, at the moment, not in contact with anything, they were stiff and seductive. She had a narrow waist, and full, inviting hips. Her legs were long and straight, and her feet the tiny, beautifully carved feet of the typical French girl.

In spite of the heat which filled the large, comfortable room, she was never for a moment still. Several shabby suitcases lay open, on the matting on the floor, and it was the packing of these which kept her moving.

Fanning herself languidly with a palm-leaf fan, Yvonne said, "I suppose the future wife of Captain Jacques Renaile will soon forget the two girls with whom she lived in Saigon, *hein?*"

Paulette straightened. "*Jamais!*" she said

intensely. "How can you say such a thing, Yvonne? After all you've done for me? Taking me in when I had no one else to go to. Looking after me. Helping me to find work." Tears formed in her lovely eyes. "I don't see how you could think of such a thing," she finished.

Marie patted her bare shoulder. "Yvonne was only teasing you, *ma chérie*," she said soothingly. "We know you won't forget."

"Haven't I given you my word," sobbed Paulette, "that as soon as we're settled in Paris, I'll send for you?"

"Of course you have," said Yvonne, hastily. "Marie was right, *petite ange*, I was only making fun of you. You see, we're both a little jealous." She laughed.

"Of Jacques?" asked Paulette.

Yvonne hedged. "Well," she said, finally, "of the position he offers to you. He is a little old," she admitted.

"Are you in love with him, Paulette?" asked Marie, suddenly.

"I'm very fond of him," replied Paulette, "and I'm going to be in love with him. I know I am. He's been very kind to me."

"We shall miss you," said Yvonne. "This time tomorrow, and you'll be gone. Ah, well . . ." She rose to her feet and started across the floor, her large, naked breasts swaying quite seductively, from side to side. She produced a bottle, poured three drinks, and healths were toasted. Marie returned to her position behind the drawn Venitian blind. Suddenly, she stiffened.

"Yvonne!" she said excitedly. "Come here! Quickly!" Yvonne and Paulette joined her. Together, they peered through the chinks in the blind.

STANDING ON THE PAVEMENT, outside a large office building across the street, was a man. He was tall, broad shouldered, bronzed and dressed in white duck. He was fanning himself with a pith helmet. He was extremely handsome. Yvonne was the first to break the silence. She said,

"So he's back again! *Sacre!*"

"*Nom de Dieu!* Roger Blake," the unfamiliar words sounded strange on her tongue. "And I swore I'd kill him the next time I saw him."

"I did, too."

"Who is he?" demanded Paulette, excitedly.

"He is a man," replied Yvonne. "An American. He is the French representative of some big American concern, and he travels for them."

He has made fools of half the women in Saigon. I felt like the lowest *cocotte* after he was through with me."

"And I," agreed Marie. "*Parbleu* . . . I'd give a lot to see some woman pay him back in his own coin."

"There isn't one clever enough who hasn't already been paid in his coin."

"Except me," said Paulette, quietly. They

ready. She wore a thin, linen dress over her panties, slippers and that was all.

"He went into that cafe on the corner," Marie told her.

Paulette laughed joyously. Although she tried to convince herself she was doing this purely for the sake of the two girls who had befriended her when she was sorely tried, she knew that the spirit of adventure had quite

"Take your hands off her!" barked Blake.



both turned on her, eyes wide. Paulette smiled. "I owe you girls more than I can ever pay," she said. "Suppose I settle the debt by paying Mister Blake in his own coin?" There was a silence for a few seconds, then Yvonne and Marie both started talking at once. Paulette paid no attention to them. She was busy getting dressed. "Keep an eye on him," she said, twisting her hair into a roll at the back of her neck. Marie hurried back to the window. In an amazingly short time, Paulette was

a good deal to do with it. She waved her hand in farewell, and dashed down the long flight of narrow stairs. From the window, Yvonne and Marie watched her as she walked, in spite of the suffocating heat, at a brisk pace up the street. She disappeared inside the cafe.

"Is she still—er—innocent?" asked Marie.

Yvonne shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she answered.

It was gloomy inside the cafe, and for several seconds after her entrance, Paulette could not see anything. After awhile, however, she made out the form of a man at the far

end of the bar. He was sipping a tall, frosted drink, his pith helmet on the back of his head. Paulette beckoned to the bartender. He was a half-caste. Half French, half Malay. Paulette knew him well. She and the girls bought their modest wine in his establishment. He greeted her with a smile.

"Bon soir," he said.

"Listen, Ivor," whispered Paulette across the bar, "don't look surprised, and do just what I tell you. Serve me a drink, and when the opportunity presents itself, become insulting. *Vous comprenez?*"

Ivor looked surprised in spite of the warning. Then he nodded and placed a bottle of cognac in front of her. Paulette helped herself, and out of the corner of her eye, glanced at the man at the bar. He was paying no attention to her at all. Paulette had three more drinks and then opened her bag. She tossed some money on the bar and started for the door. Ivor picked up the money and yelled to her. "Hey, you, come back here!" Paulette did not pause, and Ivor jumped over the bar. He caught Paulette just as she was about to cross the threshold. Seizing her by the arm he dragged her back into the cafe. "What's the idea?" he shouted insultingly. "What the hell do you think this place is? A free fountain?"

"That's all the money I have," said Paulette, mournfully.

"Is that so? Then that's just too bad!" He pretended to twist her arm, and Paulette doubled up with simulated pain. Ivor was flung suddenly against the bar.

"Take your hands off her!" barked Blake.

"What's the amount of the bill?" Ivor was a good actor. Surlily, he replied,

"In French money, ten francs." Blake tossed him a bill and took Paulette by the arm. Gently but firmly, he steered her into the street. "That's evidently no place for you," he said.

"*M'sieur*," faltered Paulette, wondering if the girls were still watching. "I don't know how I can thank you."

"That's quite unnecessary," said Blake gruffly. Paulette had not realized until this moment quite how attractive he was. She dropped her eyes.

"Can I take you anywhere?" asked Blake, casually.

Paulette smiled. "I wasn't really going anywhere," she said.

BLAKE SHOWED STRONG white teeth in a grin. "Will you take tea with me?" he said.

"I should prefer cognac," answered Paul-

ette. Blake raised his hand and a rickshaw stopped at the curb. They climbed in. Blake gave the address of the Hotel Continental, and leaned back against the leather cushion.

"What is your name?" asked Blake.

"Paulette Grandcourt. I'm eighteen."

Blake grinned again. "I'm Roger Blake. I'm twenty-eight."

Paulette drew away from him, and her eyes clouded. "I've heard of you," she said. "You're a wicked man." And she did not mean a word of it because she had never in her life been so attracted by a man.

Without rancor, Blake said, "Among a certain stratum of so-called Saigon society, I have a bad name. Quite unjustified, I assure you. The women here get bored with their men, throw themselves at a stranger, and then when the stranger accepts their favors and refuses to take them seriously, they round on him." He gazed sincerely into Paulette's eyes. "I have never taken advantage of a woman. Please believe me." Paulette did believe him, and she began to get uneasy.

To this day, she does not know how it happened. She remembered drinking at a small table in the cafe at the hotel, and although she was by no means drunk, she must have been in a trance during the migration to the suite of rooms which Blake maintained there. She found herself on a wicker sofa in the shaded cool of a large living room. Blake was sitting at her feet.

Her temples were throbbing and, although his hands were nowhere near her, she could feel the swelling of her breasts beneath the linen dress. Her blood was racing, and her mouth was dry. Never had she known such magnetism. It frightened her. Blake sat there, gazing at her. Then he took one of her hands, turned it and pressed his lips to its palm. Paulette closed her eyes. Blake said,

"You're the loveliest girl I've ever seen."

"Don't," whispered Paulette. "I don't want anything to happen."

"Why not, Paulette?" He was leaning close, and his strong hands held hers.

"I'm being married tomorrow."

"To a man you love?"

"Don't ask me, *mon cher*. Please don't ask me."

BLAKE RAN HIS HANDS up and down her lovely arms, and he could feel her trembling. She rested there, her gold, loosened hair a pool behind her head. Her breasts rose and fell beneath the dress, and he could see the dents made by the crinkly nipples. Her thighs were long and her hips wide. Blake placed

a hand on one covered breast, and Paulette's lips parted. "Please, don't . . ." she murmured.

Then her hand covered his and she pressed his hand against her breast. Blake could feel the still further stiffening of the little coral crest, and his hand commenced to tremble.

his shirt. Little sighs escaped her, and she still clung to him as Blake got to his feet. She could feel his hands at her waist, between her flesh and her panties. Silk fluttered against her legs. Again she was lifted, and again set down. Strong arms strained her against a heavy chest, and her vision was obscured by masses of her own golden hair. Into it she muttered,

"I knew it would lead further, Roger . . ."

THEY DINED TOGETHER, and they were as bappy as children. They sat in a booth, and when the waiter was not looking, Blake slipped his hand into the neck of Paulette's dress

"I'm being married tomorrow," Paulette whispered.



He fumbled with the buttons down the front of the dress. Paulette squirmed; but she did not prevent him. Blake tossed the dress aside. He gazed at her full and luscious breasts and his hands came towards them. He touched them. "You shouldn't do this," she said weakly. "It will lead to other things. It always does."

Blake paid no attention to her. He caressed and squeezed her soft and yielding breasts. Then he pulled her to him and stripped the dress from her shoulders. Paulette flung her arms about his neck, and her red lips jammed against his. Her breasts were crushed against

and fondled her breasts. Under cover of the table, he stroked her soft knees, and once more they went back to the suite of rooms. It was after that second visit that something happened to Paulette. She did not know it. She seemed as happy and carefree as before. But she had remembered.

This man was a menace. What he had done to her, he had done to half the women in Saigon. And, like half the women in Saigon, Paulette found herself falling in love with him. He must be sent away. She was being married the next day and, after the brief

honeymoon, she was to return to spend two more months in Indo-China before leaving for Paris. She could not live there, knowing that Blake was there, too. He must be sent away, and he must be kept away. Goading herself on with the thoughts of her debt to Yvonne and Marie and her own eventual happiness, she formulated a plan. Subtly, she put the plan into execution.

Blake was more than a little drunk, and a surfeit of passion made things easy for her. Dutifully, she steered him from one cabaret to another, drinking, dancing, gambling. Blake won consistently. This was his lucky day.

And so the night wore on. Spending money—making money. Music lights, love and gay laughter. They stood outside *Le Roi Noire*, and the rickshaw runner waited expectantly. Her arm through his, Paulette gazed up at him.

"You are lucky tonight, *mon brave*. Let us go to the European Club and see how good you are at poker."

Blake let out a whoop of delight. If he could win all this money at the games of chance he had been playing; what couldn't he do with his own national game? They clambered into the rickshaw and were driven away.

Late though it was, the European Club was still crowded, and it took Blake only a few minutes to round up six willing players. They were a representative crowd. The vice-consul, two international bankers, a colonel of the Foreign Legion and the owner of a silver mine in the mountains. Paulette placed herself beside Blake when they sat down and the game started.

Blake's luck was phenomenal, and he played with the reckless abandon of a man who could not lose. He bought to inside straights and filled them. He filled four-flushes, went in on jackpots with a pair of threes and ended up with four-of-a-kind. Laughing like a boy, he raked in the chips and dealt anew.

The other players, in spite of table ethics, began to get annoyed, and the mine owner suggested setting a time limit. Blake agreed, and once again Paulette handed him the cards. He dealt them. In a breathless hush his four queens beat one of the banker's Jacks-full. Blake reached for the toppling pile of chips. The banker, white of face, got to his feet. The others watched him.

"*Messieurs*," he said in a thin voice, "at the risk of forever being harried from the club, I demand to look at those cards." Blake flushed brick-red.

"Are you suggesting, *m'sieur* . . ." He grin-

ned, shrugged his shoulders and got to his feet. He tossed the remains of the deck to the banker. The banker turned them over and spread them out. There was a deep hush.

"As I thought," said the hanker in a quiet voice, indicating the cards, "you have been cheating." Blake recoiled as though struck across the face. His first impulse was to hit the hanker in the jaw. He controlled it, and, instead, glanced at the turned-up cards. There was no question about it. They were arranged. They stood about the table. The banker said, "This incident is closed here and now. *M'sieur* Blake, you will never enter this club again. I shall see to it that, professionally and socially, from this night on, you are ostracized in Saigon. *Bon soir, m'sieur*." Blake and Paulette found themselves alone in the room.

It was not until they were outside that Blake spoke. The incident had completely sobered him, and his face was white and drawn. He turned to Paulette.

"Of course," he said, "I know you did it. You shuffled the cards before handing them to me. What I want to know is . . . why?"

"You are a wicked man," said Paulette. "You have been cruel to women and you've added me to your string." Suddenly her eyes flashed. "I hate you! I hate you! And I'm glad I did it!"

"Earlier in the evening," said Blake, "I told you that I loved you. I have never said that to another woman, and I meant it."

"Love!" scoffed Paulette. "*Canaille!*" She ran to the rickshaw, and before Blake could recover his wits, she had climbed in and had clattered off. He stared after her.

"IS THIS STORY GENERALLY known?" I asked my companion.

He shook his head. "No. Only I know why Paulette did what she did. She came to me and told me. She said that she could never marry me because she was madly in love with Roger Blake. You see," he smiled as he refilled his glass, "I happen to be Jacques Renaisle, the man to whom Paulette was engaged."

"After she left you, where did she go?" I asked curiously.

Renaisle laughed. "She said that she was too had to go into a convent, and the only thing for her was penance. I did my best to talk her out of it; but she wouldn't listen to me. She has joined the entertainers in the notorious *Cafe de Mort*."

I was shocked. "How long has she been there?" I asked.

(Please turn to page 64)

SEARCH FOR LOVE

By

GASTON DEVEREAUX

FOR a long, long time Andre Brebant had been planning this Gascony vacation.

There would be wine, women and song, but most of all—women. He smiled happily at the thought of the latter. For the last eight or nine months his life had been notably barren of female companionship. It was wrong—utterly wrong!

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, pushing the accelerator to the floor as though to add emphasis to the exclamation.

Ah, it was good to be driving away from all trial and tribulation! The beach at *Arcachon* was white as Alpine snow, and the water that lapped its edges was turquoise blue. And, even more than that, the *bebes* who sunned themselves on the rolling dunes were *tres charmantes!*

Once before Andre had spent a few days at the exclusive watering place, noted for its charm of location and its beauty of femininity, not to mention the abbreviated clothes worn by all and sundry.

To all appearances, the *Arcachon* beach was a gigantic nudist colony enticing females whose figures were the *ne plus ultra* of charm and voluptuousness.

Andre ran the tip of his tongue around his lips in sensual anticipation. He could imagine what was in store for him, and that without too much effort. Like as not the advanced styles of bathing attire would make no effort at concealing the rounded globes of suntanned breasts, contenting themselves with providing a narrow strip of material to shield the pink, old rose or plum bued nipples that customarily adorned these breasts.

As for the balance of the various bathing suits displayed at beaches in the South of France, their brevity was the soul of their charm. Backs, of a certainty, would be bare and unadorned. The strips covering the breast buds would be attached to skimpy trunks, sufficiently tight to reveal the lush outlines of hips and upper thighs, but in many cases not extensive enough to cover dimpled "tummies" or all of the bountiful cushions of flesh that are part and parcel of every well-molded feminine figure.

In essence, the beach attire at *Arcachon*

resembled a good after-dinner speech: Short enough to be interesting and long enough to cover the essentials!

Driving with one hand, Andre reached into his jacket pocket and extracted a leather-bound address book. Always meticulous, he kept a complete record of every charming *fille* he had ever met. Somewhere in the book there had to be a notation relative to his last visit to the Gascony shore.

He slowed up in order to thumb through the pages. It was fortunate that he did. A moment after he had taken his eyes from the road, a human figure leaped out of the bushes, gesticulating wildly.

ANDRE'S FOOT JAMMED down on the brake pedal, bringing the car to a screeching halt a foot or two in front of a good looking young man whose sole purpose in mind seemed to be to get himself killed with dispatch.

"*Sacre bleu!*" Andre screamed, poking his head out beyond the *tonneau*.

The young man grinned as he approached the car. His clothes seemed a size or two large for him, and had evidently seen hard wear, but they detracted not a whit from his jauntiness.

"Going south, *Monsieur?*" he queried, his accent marking him definitely as an American.

Andre frowned. "*Oui!*"

Without preamble, the young man skipped around the car, opened the door, and plunked himself down beside Andre.

"Step on it, *Frenchie!*" he directed.

Andre contented himself by sweeping his uninvited passenger with a withering glance of contempt. Then he slipped the car into gear. Not in all his experience with the brashest, boldest of Americans had he met one so utterly devoid of manners.

"Swell country, this," the boy announced as the road took them through rolling vineyards. "Are you going past *Arcachon?*"

Andre kept his eyes centered on the road. "*Non!*" he barked. "I am stopping zere for fifteen years!"

"Oh, I see. You live there, huh?"

"*Oui!*"

"Too bad. I thought maybe I'd ride down

to Biarritz with you. Nice place, they tell me."

Andre almost choked. He stepped on the accelerator until the car raced along like a meteor. The quicker he got to Arcachon, the sooner he would rid himself of this obnoxious

"You will let me entertain you, chérie?"

you!" His hand waved airily. "See you again sometime!"

Dumbfounded, Andre watched him saunter towards the beach, the bottoms of his grotesque trousers flapping in the breeze.

The pleasure of being at Arcachon soon forced all thought of the cheeky American boy from Andre's mind. The sun had yet to set over the topaz-blue water and there still remained time for at least a dip in the warm surf.

Andre hurried to his room, changed into bathing trunks and a shirt and took the beach elevator to the main floor. All his expectations were realized the moment he stepped out on the pure white stretch of sand. As far as his eyes could see, the beach was a riot of colorful swim suits, not to mention the galaxy of seductive curves beneath the swim suits.

Proud of his erect, broad shouldered carriage, Andre strolled to the water's edge and swept the feminine bathing contingent with a practiced, evaluating eye.

Nine out of ten were well worth any man's second glance, but one figure, scarcely hidden beneath a white silk one-piece suit drew Andre's attention like a magnet draws steel.

THE GIRL—AND girl she was from the point of view of slim, nubile development—seemed to be unaccompanied and without benefit of beach chair or umbrella. Her shoulders were golden tan and her thighs a rich, smooth-surfaced brown, all of which contrasted vividly with her white suit.

But Andre's visual interest went beyond suntanned shoulders and honey-brown thighs. It took in, with due appreciation, the outward curves of her hips, the flat plane of her stomach, but most of all the twin cones of her breasts, jutting from the bandeau-bodice of her swim suit as though they were carved out of marble instead of flesh. To add to the delight, the sheer white silk was given to semi-transparency, revealing the pink protrusion of sugar-plum nipples and the darker shades of their encircling beds.

A shiver passed through Andre as he anticipated what could be seen if the silk suit became wet. By some queer, inexplicable mental *legerdemain*, the thought became parent to the deed. The girl broke into a graceful trot, heading for the water.

Fascinated, Andre watched the muscles of her thighs flex and the firm gours of her breasts bob up and down as she waded through the shallow surf and then dived headlong into a soft, rolling breaker. Coming up,

American infant who did not even have a civil tongue in his head.

None too soon for Andre, they drove into the exclusive beach resort. The young man stepped out of the car as it pulled up before the sumptuous *Hotel de la Salle*. He grinned at Andre.

"It's quite okay, Lafayette," he chuckled. "You don't have to thank me for riding with



her pretty face glistening, she rolled over on her back and floated lightly on the swell, the erect peaks of her breasts alternately bared and covered by the water.

From where Andre stood he would have sworn those rising hillocks were devoid of all covering. He would have sworn, too, that the girl smiled at him engagingly.

It was invitation enough for Andre. He swam out to within a foot or two of where she rested on the bosom of the gentle sea, her own bosom projecting above the water line like miniature buoys.

"Bon jour," he greeted cheerily, then reverting to English when he realized she was an American. "Zee water is very warm non?"

"Swell!" she gurgled, twisting in the water and heading for the open sea with long, sweeping crawl strokes.

Andre followed, but found it difficult to match her swift pace. He was breathing like a tired whale when she drew up and trod water a hundred yards from shore.

"Tired?" she questioned, her sparkling blue eyes alight with mirth.

Andre puffed. "*Oui, Mademoiselle*, you swim like—like zee fish!" His eyes dropped from her face to the crystal-clear water beneath her shoulders. It was like looking through a pair of field glasses to see her breasts beneath the water. They were twice as large and immeasurably more voluptuous. And on top of everything else, the undertow pulled her suit bodice down until two bulging half-moons of white were clearly visible to say nothing of the deep valley between them.

Andre's stability on *terra firma* would have been affected by the sight of so much unadorned beauty, let alone with ten feet of ocean beneath him. And at the same time, the salt water seemed to be acting as a catalytic agent and transmitting electrical sensations from her warm curved body to his.

"I—I think zat I shall have to go in, *Mademoiselle*," he blubbered. "I cannot keep myself up much longer."

The unexpected happened. She swam up close to Andre and slipped an arm about his waist. "Can I help you in?" she queried.

Whether he needed the help or not Andre wouldn't have turned down her offer for all the tea in China. Not only was her arm around his waist, but one breast was boring into his chest and one nude thigh brushed his under water. Now, as far as Andre was personally concerned he was willing to maintain this position until the end of time. However, natural sagacity suggested that he at least make a stab at being temporarily fatigued.

He responded by encircling her pliant waist with his arm and leaning heavily against her. "If you will, *Mademoiselle*," he panted, as though on the verge of drowning, "I will be grateful."

THE SLOW PROGRESS to shallow water was productive of untold ecstasy for Andre. He became familiar with each curve of the girl's figure by the time they reached solid footing, particularly with the curves of her gorgeous breasts, imprinted to stay on his chest.

"*Merci! Merci!*" he gasped fervently. "I do not know how to tell you my appreciation, *Mademoiselle*. If I but knew your name, I—"

She laughed gaily. "Just call me Boots!" "Boots!" Andre repeated it as though it were precious beyond all imagination. "And I am Andre Brebant," he said, bowing so low that the tip of his nose touched a miniature wave. Erect again, he gazed at her with intense fervor in his eyes. "For what you have done, *Mademoiselle* Boots," he said, "I wish to reward you!"

She walked up towards the beach, splashing water with her hands. "Don't be silly!"

Andre followed. "But I insist, *Mademoiselle! Sacre*, I cannot do otherwise!"

Andre's eyes bulged as she emerged from the water into the full light of a beaming sun. The effect of moisture on the silk suit was to give it cellophane transparency. Pouting breasts, curving hips and columnar thighs took on a new, voluptuous clarity.

"If you will not accept zee reward, *Mademoiselle*," Andre murmured, "can I not have zee pleasure of entertaining you while I am in *Arcachon*?"

Boots' blue eyes smiled. "Won't you be here long?" she queried.

Andre shrugged. "I had planned to go to Biarritz in a week, *Mademoiselle*, but now I do not know."

Her eyes still smiled, but differently. "What do you mean?"

Andre flushed. "I think I have found what I am seeking." His eyes ravished her gorgeous figure. "You will let me entertain you, *cherie*?"

Boots pointed to a pavilion on the beach. "I'll meet you under the pavilion at nine tonight!"

She was gone before Andre could thank her for this *largesse*, running along the beach like a nymph, her brown legs flashing in the sun.

METICULOUSLY ATTIRED in flannel trousers and a midnight-blue sports jacket, Andre appeared at the rendezvous promptly at nine.

It was quite dark under the pavilion, but a bright half-moon managed to permeate the gloom. To all appearances, the beautiful American girl had not yet arrived. Andre waited with patient impatience, wondering why she had chosen such a strange meeting place.

The question was answered as the silhouetted outline of what seemed to be a nude figure came up the heath, following the path of moonlight. Andre gulped. It was Boots, still garbed in her white hathing suit!

"Hello!" she greeted.

Andre swallowed hard. "*Pardonnez-moi, Mademoiselle*, but I understood we were going out, *n'est-ce pas?*"

She shrugged her shapely shoulders, agitating both hard, jutting breasts. "Going out? No, I don't like to go tootin' around. I just said I'd meet you here—have a date with you." Her hands slid up and cupped her breasts. "Don't you like me this way?"

Andre mumbled an assenting reply.

"Want to walk along the heath?" Boots invited. "It's lovely in the moonlight."

Andre was ready for anything as long as it included this lusty young female who seemed beyond all comprehension.

They walked at the water's edge for almost an hour. Boots linked her arm in his and with every step she took he felt the voluptuous jiggle of her breasts. Finally, to his intense relief, she suggested resting.

ANOTHER PAVILION, AFFORDING a maximum of privacy under its raised floor, became their objective. When they reached it, Andre removed his coat and spread it on the said. Boots dropped down.

"So you're going to Biarritz?" she mused aloud, intertwining her hands behind her head and forcing her breasts out. "I'd love to go."

It was just the opening Andre needed. He dropped down beside her, laying one quivering hand on her bare thigh. "I would go tomorrow, *cherie*, if you would come wiz me," he breathed heavily. "Zen my search would be over!"

She made no effort to remove his hand, despite the fact that it was slowly creeping upward. "What search?"

Andre edged closer. "Zee search for *amour, petite*. If you would come wiz me my happiness would be complete!" His fingers tensed on the soft roundness of her upper thigh.

"Would you really want me to come along?"

"I would give my life, *cherie*!"

"You mean it?"

His fingers approached the beginning of her hathing suit, but it was no harrier.

Not a word passed between them from that moment on, but a silent language of ecstasy guided their movements. Boots swayed into Andre's arm at the very moment when his hand reached her breasts.

Mouth on mouth, they became one with only the ubiquitous moon as witness. Her lips were ripe and damp and warm and when the kiss ended they murmured little half-phrases that were indicative of her passion. Her arms, like the wings of a sea bird, twined about his neck and drew him tight against the semi-nude warmth of her body.

Andre, trembling, slid his fingers under one shoulder strap of her hathing suit and gradually eased it off its perch. There was a momentary pause as a swelling mound held the silk in place. Then it fell, haring a rose-hued breast in all its nude glory. Andre squeezed it, fondled it, cupped it tight in his hand. He sought for and found its twin, urging the limp figure of the girl back on the sand as he did so.

The moon had traveled half across the heavens before either of them stirred. Then it was Andre who caressed her cheek gently.

"You will come wiz me to Biarritz?" he whispered.

Her voice was a tired whisper. "Yes, where shall I meet you?"

Andre's hand slid over her velvet nudity. "*Cherie*, why do you not come to zee hotel tonight?"

She slipped out of his arms, sat up. Her breasts were like two large snowballs in the light of the moon—snowballs topped by maraschino cherries.

"No, I can't do that. I'll meet you at the hotel. Which one?"

Andre caressed her bosom for the last time before she pulled the straps over her shoulders. "Zee *Hotel de la Salle*. I will be waiting outside at ten in zee morning."

He helped her to her feet. "*Cherie*, you have made me zee happiest man in zee world!"

She kissed him, whispered a quick "*adieu*" and was gone.

BRIGHT AND SHINY, the Doumier phaeton was drawn up before the entrance to the *Hotel de la Salle* at ten the following morn-

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Someone leaned over him and said,
"May I have a light from your match,
Monsieur?"



INTERLUDE'S END

By ROBERT LESLIE BELLEM

BILL CUNNINGHAM was getting very drunk.

As he stared into the dregs of his eleventh Scotch-and-soda, he mused on the frailty of women in general, and Aimee Desplains in particular. What a disappointment she'd turned out to be!

Bill looked about him. The little Montmartre cabaret was dimly lighted and hazy with cigarette smoke. It was close upon midnight, and in the booths that lined the walls of the place, couples were drinking and spooning and kissing and making love. In the whole darned place, Bill Cunningham was the only solitary figure—the only man who didn't have a girl.

Bill, broad shouldered and tall and nice looking, drained his glass. He hadn't been alone when he'd first come here. Aimee Desplains had been with him.

He thought of Aimee. She was typically Parisienne—and typically fickle. Bill, who had talked his American hanker father into giving him a year in Paris to study art, had first met Aimee when she applied for the job of being his model.

Bill had fallen for Aimee—hard. From the first moment that she disrobed for him, he had been gripped by a passionate infatuation. She had lush hips and large, firmly swelling white breasts. And she had a come-hither-and-do-things-with-me expression in her eyes.

Bill Cunningham had hired her. She hadn't shown any unwillingness to pose for him *au naturel*. Nor had she been coy about accepting his love making. It had been an ideal arrangement. First she would undeclothe herself and stand before him. Then he would grab her and kiss her. . . . And after an hour or so, she would pose, while Bill painted her.

It had gone on for quite some months. Of course, as time went on, Bill had done less and less painting, more and more love making. It couldn't have been otherwise, with a girl like Aimee Desplains. She did things to a man!

Somehow or other, Bill Cunningham's father had learned of what was going on here in Paris. So he'd cut off Bill's monthly allowance. That was the turning point. That was when Aimee began to show signs of fickleness. An American with money was one thing. An American without funds was another thing entirely!

Bill Cunningham, however, was a stubborn soul. He refused to admit that he'd been licked. Refused to return to America, as his father wanted him to do. He stayed in Paris, money or no money. And he had tried to hold Aimee Desplains' love.

It was no go. Since Bill couldn't buy her pretty clothes any more; couldn't afford to take her to expensive night spots, her ardor cooled to frigidity. Figuratively, she deserted the ship.

Take tonight, for instance. Bill Cunningham was reduced, through pecuniary embarrassment, to frequenting cheap resorts like this little Montmartre cabaret. He had asked Aimee to come with him. She had agreed, half-heartedly.

But ten minutes after their arrival, she had met an old flame and gone off with him, leaving Bill Cunningham alone and morose. Later, Bill had wandered upstairs and stumbled into a private room. He had discovered Aimee in the arms of her old flame . . . and Aimee had been wearing considerably less than was essential to good taste. . . .

Disgustedly, Bill had turned on his heel and come back downstairs to his solitary booth. And now he was moodily getting drunk. But not enjoying it at all.

He lighted a cigarette. Then someone leaned over him and said, "May I have a light from your match, *Monsieur*?"

BILL LOOKED UP—and saw a winsome, golden haired young person standing at the entrance to his booth. She was very young

and very pretty, even though she did wear entirely too much make-up, and even though her tawdry frock was entirely too tight and revealing. As she leaned forward to light her cigarette from Bill's match, the dress fell away from her breasts. Bill Cunningham couldn't help looking. It was a natural masculine ocular reaction.

He looked. And what he saw surprised him and delighted him. The girl's breasts were absolutely perfect! They were rather small, perhaps—but that gave them a youthful appearance which was a welcome contrast to the heavy voluptuousness of Aimee Desplains' buxom bosom, to which Bill Cunningham had been accustomed for the past several months.

In fact, the golden haired girl was refreshingly slender throughout. Her hips were narrow, slinky, boyish and yet feminine. Her legs were straight and slim and tapered. She couldn't have weighed more than a hundred and five, soaking wet. But what there was of her . . . was delicious!

Again Bill studied her breasts. They were firm and milky-white. They were unbrassiered. They had tiny, round pink crests, like little ripened berries. Moreover, the girl didn't seem to mind Bill Cunningham's studied appraisal of her revealed charms.

Instead, she deliberately picked up his empty glass and sniffed it. Her blue eyes widened coquettishly. "Ah! Scotch! *Zee Monsieur* is *zee Americain*, is it not?"

Bill nodded. "Yeah. I'm American. And that's Scotch. So what?"

"Little Fifi, she likes *zee* Scotch—and *zee Americains*!" the girl said pointedly. She evidently referred to herself.

"Your name is Fifi, and you like Scotch, eh?" Bill said. Then he grinned. The girl was evidently just a *cocotte*—but what the hell was the difference? At least she was female. "Sit down and I'll buy you a drink," Bill invited.

The girl immediately planked herself alongside him. Not opposite, mind you. Not across the table. But directly by his side, on the bench. She snuggled close. She wore a loud, cheap sort of perfume. And her hair was obviously bleached. But just the same, she emanated an aura of femininity that somehow sent a sudden tingle through Bill Cunningham.

He ordered drinks. Then, tentatively, he slipped his hand down to the blonde Fifi's thigh. She sighed contentedly. "*Zee Americains*, they—*zey* make love so-o-o nice!" she purred like a kitten full of cream.

Bill took a sidelong look at her. The girl's

*She tried to fight free,
to worm loose from his
strong embrace.*



complexion was smooth and lovely beneath her heavy coating of make-up. And her thigh felt nice, too. . . . He pulled up her tight skirt, so that his palm could rest on warm, bare flesh . . . under the table. . . .

She made no objection. Instead, she tried to cuddle closer—although you couldn't have slipped a cigarette paper between her and Bill Cunningham at that moment. Again Bill felt that tingling sensation dancing through him.

THE DRINKS CAME. Bill managed to worm his arm around her lithe waist. His fingers touched her breast, through the dress. The base of that small, firm mound was amazingly nice. Not at all soft or squidgy. It was as firm and solid as the devil. . . . His hand stole around a little more, so that he could cup the entire hillock, press it gently. . . .

Fifi sighed and lifted her glass to her lips. "To—zee night of zee love, *n'est-ce pas?*" she smiled. "How about it?"

"To you!" Bill bowed, and drained his twelfth drink.

He ordered another round. When it came, he was very busy doing certain things. For instance, he had discovered that Fifi's frock could be unhooked at the side, so that he could slide his hand into an enticing territory. He promptly did so. He was glad that Fifi was wearing no handeau. . . . Beneath her dress there was nothing but nude, thrilling girl. . . .

"Kiss me, *Monsieur Americain!*" she whispered suddenly, as his fingers found the rock-hard pink tip of one delicious, throbbing half-melon of warm, sweet flesh. . . .

So Bill Cunningham kissed her. And then his eyes narrowed. Fifi had made an abrupt gesture, as their lips met. She had dumped something into Bill's drink!

She didn't think Bill had seen her do it. And he pretended complete ignorance. Within him, he felt a sudden anger. He realized what was going on. She probably took him to be a wealthy American tourist, and she intended to roll him for his dough as soon as the sleeping-potion took effect. . . .

He kissed her again. She closed her eyes, because Bill put a lot into that kiss. He was forcing her lips wide apart, questing for the fluttering, hot tip of her moist and sultry tongue. He was squeezing her breast, gently, with the hand which was inside her frock. . . . All in all, he was doing a very thorough job. . . . And as a result, Fifi closed her eyes dreamily.

In spite of himself, Bill Cunningham was getting overheated, a little. He felt himself losing control. But not to the extent that he didn't know what he was doing. In fact, he carried out his plan to perfection.

While he was kissing Fifi, and while she had her eyes closed, he picked up, with his free hand, his glass of Scotch-and-soda—and dumped it quietly on the floor. Then, finishing the kiss, he swiftly brought the glass to his lips and pretended to have drained its contents.

The blonde and cuddly Fifi eyed him, a hit queerly. Bill Cunningham saw the look, and correctly interpreted it. She supposed that he had consumed that drink; and now she was waiting for it to take effect.

What she needed was a damned good lesson, Bill decided.

He determined to give it to her!

Also, he was curious to see just what her procedure would be. So he yawned, very ostentatiously. "Feel sleepy," he mumbled.

"Zee *Americain* would like to rest in Fifi's apartment, *pourquoi-non?*" Fifi asked prettily.

"Is it far?" Bill mumbled his words again.

"Eet ees just around the—zee corner," the girl answered with alacrity. She stood up. "Come. Let us go, *oui?*"

"Okay," Bill said, and left one of his few remaining French hanknotes on the table to pay for his drinks. He followed Fifi out of the caharet. It was strange, but he wasn't feeling at all drunk now. His twelve Scotch-and-sodas were dissipated by his alert interest in what was happening. He even forgot the fair and fickle Aimee Desplains, the huxom model who had abandoned him!

As he trailed behind the blonde Fifi, he noted with approval the slight sway of her slender hips when she walked. Very intriguing, really. He wondered what they'd look like without that skirt. . . .

OUTSIDE, THE GIRL took his arm possessively. Remembering that he was supposed to be sleepy, Bill pretended to stagger and sway a bit. Fifi held onto him, guiding him solicitously.

They walked around the corner. They came to a dilapidated, four story house with crazy gables. Fifi produced a key to the front door, and they went in. They climbed four flights of stairs to an unattractive attic room.

"Take off your coat and loosen your tie, Bill," Fifi said gently.

He stared at her foggily. "How'd you know me name?" he demanded.

She flushed. "*Mais*—hut I call all zee *Americains* Bill. Is it not all right?"

"Yeah," he answered, taking off his coat, his collar and his tie. Again he yawned. The bed, while ancient, looked clean and inviting. He eyed it.

"Rest," Fifi suggested.

"Not unless you rest with me!" he mumbled stubbornly.

She drew a sharp little breath. It forced out her breasts, so that they were tantalizingly delineated through her tight fitting frock. "*Mais*—hut—" she stammered.

"If you won't, I'll leave. I'll sleep in the gutter!" Bill said.

"Well . . . all right. J-just a m-minute," Fifi faltered. She left the little bedroom, went through a door. Bill Cunningham heard water splashing.

Now that he was alone, he took a quick survey of the chamber. He noticed something on the cheap bureau. It was a folded letter. Without any qualms of conscience, he picked it up and read it. Then, abruptly, he smiled. Now he knew Fifi's methods! Now he knew why she tried to drug him. . . .

He put down the letter, sat on the edge

of the bed. Fifi re-entered the room. She came toward him, slowly and hesitantly. She had removed her frock. She was clad in a very revealing negligee. It looked expensive, and it was quite diaphanous. Bill Cunningham could see the girl's breasts through it, very plainly—even the tiny pink centers. He could also see the silhouette of her delectable, youthfully-feminine body. Through his pretended drowsiness, he surveyed her. And now that he knew why she had tried to give him a sleeping-potion, he also knew what he was going to do to get even with her. . . .

She sat beside him. He stretched himself backward—and drew Fifi with him. She struggled a little. She didn't want to be there with him; her eyes indicated that. And Bill understood why she didn't. But it didn't make any difference to Bill Cunningham. He was going to teach her a lesson—and to hell with the consequences!

He held her close.

So close, in fact, did he hold her, that he could feel the startled beating of her heart against his chest.

"Please—go to sleep!" she whispered.

Bill understood. She thought he had consumed that sleeping potion. And she was willing to remain with him until he floated into dreamland. . . . But he'd fool her! He didn't intend to go to sleep. He'd never felt more wide-awake in his life!

There was a good reason for his wakefulness. The reason was Fifi. Her nearness sent flaming arrows of desire through Bill Cunningham's veins, suddenly. She was so *petite*, so cuddly, so charmingly young, so exquisitely fragile and feminine. . . . His hands went to the front of her negligee, unfastening it. She shrank back a little as his fingers explored her enticing nudity, under the frilly garment. . . .

SLOWLY, GENTLY, HE touched her firm, rounded breasts. Fifi smothered a cry of protest; steeled herself to his caresses. And his caresses were expert. He knew a lot of tricks well calculated to break down a girl's barriers. . . .

Knowing these tricks, he used them. He used everything in his rather extensive *repertoire* of love making. At first he did it deliberately, following a premeditated plan. But after the first moment or so, he couldn't have stopped if he'd wanted to! Never in all his life had he felt this way before; not toward any girl! Not even toward Aimee Desplains!

And Fifi made no protest. At first, she was quiescent because she thought Bill would drop

off to sleep any minute. But after a couple of moments of Bill's thrilling hands on her body . . . she didn't want to protest! She didn't want him to go to sleep . . . !

Abruptly, Bill Cunningham seized her and kissed her. His lips worked hungrily upon her mouth—hungrily, moistly. . . .

"Bill—Bill—!" she sighed, as her arms went about his neck. Then, on the brink of surrender, she tried to draw back. Tried to fight free. Tried to worm loose from his strong embrace.

"No you don't!" he whispered, pantingly. "I'm going to teach you a lesson! I saw what you did to my drink—and I didn't drink it! So I'm not drugged, see?"

Fifi went white. Her blue eyes widened. "You—you saw me d-do that—?"

"Yes! And here's the lesson I'm going to teach you!"

"No—no—please don't—!"

But her protests were without avail. There was no stopping Bill Cunningham now. And in about thirty seconds, Fifi didn't even try. . . . It seemed as though they both were in the grip of a passion stronger than the will of either of them. Bill Cunningham felt a surging riptide of desire cascading through him. He kissed the blonde girl's lips, her eyes, the delightful tip of her *retrousse* nose. He kissed the perfumed lobes of her ears, the hollow of her throat. . . .

"Bill—Bill—!" she sobbed.

"Fifi . . ." he whispered.

And then, long moments later, he smiled at her, a little ashamed of his own impetuous ardor. As though in self-defence, he said, "You see, my dear, your little scheme back-fired on you!"

"Zee—zee *Americain*—had better leave now!" she whispered faintly.

Bill Cunningham shook his head. "No. Not until morning. Then we'll go out and get married—and catch the next boat back to New York."

"I—I do not understand zee *Americain's* words!" Fifi's blue eyes were wide with amazement.

Bill Cunningham grinned. "Why not cut out the phoney French accent, darling?" he drawled. "That's what made me suspicious of you from the start. French girls don't go around saying 'zee' and 'zey' all the time—except in hooks. Besides, you forgot yourself every now and then. You used 'they' for 'zey' several times. So you see, I know you're American, the same as I am. And henceath

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WONDERFUL NIGHT

By

J. CARLY

JACK TURNER read the telegram twice. His handsome, bronzed face wrinkled with laughter.

"Here's a hot one," he said to Tronchet, one of the grooms, with the racing stable owned by *Monsieur Alevard*. "Our respected employer won't join us here in Paris."

Tronchet threw away his cigarette. "Rheumatism?"

Turner shook his head. "Matrimony."

Tronchet grinned. "You are—what do you say—kidding."

"Here, read it yourself. You're to leave for Longchamps tonight. I am to stay until Thursday."

Tronchet glanced at the message. He made strange noises in his throat. Turner understood. Old *Monsieur Felix Alevard* was eighty-two years old. He had always been a bachelor, interested in nothing except his fine blooded horses. To learn that he was about to become a bridegroom was as surprising as lightning from a clear sky.

"*Diable!* There's a man for you! Eighty-two and getting married for the first time! I should like to see the wedding."

"I'd like to see the girl," Jack Turner smiled. "What's she marrying him for—his silvery locks?"

"Probably," Tronchet said, "his golden bank account. Sly old dog. I thought there was a reason for his sneaking down here to Paris. Now I know why he didn't stay to see *Deux Claudine* win the *Prix du Cadran* in May. Well, I might as well change my collar and get out to the stables."

Turner, Alevard's American trainer, nodded. "Give Adega plenty of work. Be careful of her leg."

"I am always careful of a lady's leg," Tronchet said stiffly.

"Rub her down when you bring her in, but don't handle her too much."

"Certainly not!"

"And use care with her tail."

"*M'sieur*," Tronchet said, "horses are my passion. Nothing will happen to the beautiful Adega."

At twilight Turner wondered what he was going to do with himself that night. Late

spring in Paris. Love. Romance. A grand affair of the heart. It would be the last time he'd have a chance for a fling. Once he got back with Alevard's stable he'd have to stay pretty close to the job. He did want to explore the Paris he had heard so much about. And, more than anything else, he wanted a charming, vivacious and irresistible Parisienne to show it to him.

All during the dinner at *Le Pavillon D'Antin*, on the Boulevard Haussmann, Turner's thoughts were divided between his employer's telegram and the night lying before him. At eighty-two, Alevard certainly had a nerve to ring the merry wedding bells. But more power to the old boy. Maybe he could make the grade at that. It was doubtful, but there was a chance. Turner smiled, dismissed the subject and considered what to do when dinner was over. He had plenty of money. He had drawn a month's salary and Alevard paid him well.

Turner decided to see a show. He bought a ticket for the *Vieux-Colombier*. The theater was giving one of the "Guild" performances. The play was a heavy tragedy and terrible. The women were worse. In the middle of the first act Turner got up and went out.

He tried the *Bouffes-Parisiens* on the Rue Monsigny. That was better.

The minute he sat down in his box seat he saw them launch a hip on the stage. After that it was nothing but one hip after another with a hooray thrown in now and then. In all his life Turner had never seen so many nude *mademoiselles*, so many bobbing breasts, sparkling eyes and laughing lips. He couldn't understand most of the dialogue but from the gestures that went with it he had an idea it was pretty torrid stuff. He was glad he hadn't worn a celluloid collar.

Just before the curtain fell on the first half of the entertainment, Turner saw the redhead.

SHE CAME in to sing a *chansonette* that had to do with the love of two girls for the same man. It was a sad ditty. He didn't pay any attention to the words or music. He held his program to the tiny electric light on the back

of the box and found the girl's name. She was listed as Margo Garand.

In the brief and sketchy costume she wore, the girl was as lovely as the spring season.



there was a tumultuous demand for an encore. She obliged with another number that told the story of the amorous emotions of a fly for a flea.

Jack Turner felt his pulses stirring. His heart began to beat faster. To him the redhead was as intoxicating as champagne. He had a cocktail at the bar during intermission and asked how to get to the stage door. He had made up his mind. He was going to try to persuade the redhead to share his Paris night with him.

As long as he had been in France he had never seen a girl to equal the one beside him.

A crumpled handful of franc notes sent the stage door man to Mademoiselle Garand's dressing room. He returned, shaking his head.

"Mam'selle is not interested."

Turner drew a breath. "Let me go up and talk to her."

"Monsieur, impossible! It is against the rules!"

Turner shoved more money in his hand. "Rules are only made to be broken. Where's the dressing room?"

"Monsieur, I will have to have you thrown out! Monsieur—the dressing room is the second at the head of the stairway!"

A small colored maid answered Turner's

A scanty pair of black lace panties with a red rose embroidered on them and a loose silk blouse that continually slipped off her marble shoulders accented her vivid beauty. Her hair was a golden titian. Her personality tiptoed across the footlights. It was one of gayety, animation, happy verve. They liked her at the playhouse. When she finished her song

knock. "Well, this sho' is a surprise, Mandy. Fancy finding yo' all beah! Go ahead—take a walk," he added, without pardoning his Southern accent.

The maid rolled dusky eyes. "Yass, suh!"

She slipped the franc note he gave her down her bosom and vanished. Turner stepped into a dressing room that didn't seem much larger than a Times Square drugstore telephone booth. Clothing was all over the place.

A chemise hung from a screen. A brassiere was draped across the electric light fixture. A pair of panties huddled silkily on the dressing table. There was no one in view. Turner frowned.

Then, abruptly, a voice spoke. It said: "If you do not leave instantly I will have the stage door man come and put you out!"

The voice came from behind the screen. Through a crack Turner glimpsed dazzling white skin. "Just a minute, *mademoiselle*. I'm perfectly willing to be thrown out, but let's be reasonable about it. I'm not the ordinary type of stage door annoyer. I'm an American, with plenty of money, who's fallen under your spell. All I want is to make a date with you after the show."

He saw a blue eye peer at him through the crack. He waited—expectantly. Finally a tinkle of laughter sounded. "*Monsieur* is droll. What is your name?"

"Turner; Jack to you. Over in the States, that means money. Draw your own conclusions."

"And you wish to take me out somewhere when the final curtain falls?"

"And how!"

"Perhaps, I will go with you," she said slowly. "Meanwhile, will you please band me my panties?"

TWO HOURS LATER Turner went out of the stage door. Margo Garand hung on his arm. He winked at the stage door man. The stage door man winked back at him. The redhead laughed.

"*Monsieur*, you are favored. There are not many men—strangers—I would trust myself with. You see, I am what you would call a good girl. I do not believe in promiscuous love affairs. The bed I have at home is good enough for me."

"All the more reason for my admiration," Turner told her. "The world is full of bad girls. It is a relief to meet a good one."

He stopped long enough to buy her an enormous bunch of violets from a sidewalk peddler. On the *Rue Rivoli* he signaled a

taxi. He told the driver to take them to the *Moulin Bleu*.

When he sat down beside the redhead on the cab's worn upholstery he was conscious of her perfume. It was like a breath from a garden. She wore a little blue silk dress. It was plain but emphasized the delicious curves and contours of her young, rounded figure. Turner's heart quickened its beat again. He told himself he was certainly lucky. So long as he had been in France, working for old Alevard, he had never seen a girl to equal the one beside him.

"We will have a little supper, yes?" she said, turning and looking into his eyes.

"Yes, we will have a little supper."

"And a cold bottle of champagne?"

"Several cold bottles of champagne."

"I must be discreet," she murmured. "Good girls do not as a rule drink champagne with strange young men. Alcohol lowers their moral resistance."

"So I've heard."

"However," she continued, "I feel I must celebrate tonight. I have finished my contract at the theater. You saw my last performance."

Turner stared. "You mean—you are giving up the stage?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going into another business," she said slowly.

The *Moulin Bleu* was jammed. Tables were at a premium. Turner parted with another bale of paper money and managed to get choice ringside seats. At close range the redhead was even lovelier than she had been in the theatre. He had never seen such deep blue eyes, such skin, such a tempting mouth. He felt the devil must have designed her for the sole purpose of arousing madness in men. She was temptation with a capital T.

"Champagne," Turner ordered. "Then more champagne!" He turned to Margo. "I'm celebrating, too. This is my last night—practically—in Paris."

"You are leaving?"

"For business reasons."

They drank the champagne, listened to American jazz, watched the acts of the floor show and danced. When the redhead was in his arms, Turner felt hot and cold by turn. She was soft. From what he judged she wasn't wearing much underneath. His hand on her back explored a bit. There didn't seem to be anything on under the blue dress from the waist up. Below, his fingers touched what might have been the band at the top of the

panties he had handed her in the dressing room.

Her perfume, trapped in her red hair, was like incense. She looked languorously up at him. He could see the wine had softened her considerably. She was much more friendly, more vivacious.

It was after two o'clock in the morning when they went out under the Paris stars. It was a perfect night. There was a long line of taxis at the curb before the *Moulin Bleu*. Turner engaged one.

"Drive us around until I tell you where to go," he said to the chauffeur.

When he got in and sat down Margo's head drooped to his shoulder.

"Champagne," she murmured, "always makes me sleepy."

"It wakes me up," Turner said. "I told the chauffeur to drive us around. Where shall we go now?"

She yawned behind the petal palm of her hand. "I think I had better go home and go

In the next minute her mouth was joined tightly to his.



to bed. I am becoming stupid. Presently I will bore you."

HER HEAD ON his shoulder and the hand she dropped to his knee were like a dash of kerosene to a fire. Turner began to tingle all over. His breath caught in his throat. A prickling sensation started at his ankles and swept up through him.

"Where do you live?"

"The Rue Chausse, number 37."

"With whom?"

She yawned again, rubbing her glowing cheek against his arm. "With nobody, *m'sieur*. I have an apartment there. Lulu, my colored maid, comes at eight o'clock in the morning. At ten she prepares my breakfast and at noon I eat it. Not having to be at the theatre to-

morrow I can sleep all day. And—I—am—so—tired."

Turner tapped on the glass partition. "Rue Chausse," he directed. "The number is 37."

He spoke to the redhead, but she didn't answer. Her deep, regular breathing told him what had happened. He looked out at the twinkling stars over the Eiffel Tower. He had counted on a wonderful night. He had been so expectant, so anticipative. And this had happened—the most wonderful girl in Paris had passed out cold! His beautiful companion had gone to sleep on him!

"What a heluva note!" Turner said.

The cab swung around corners. At break-neck speed it raced down avenues. At the same terrific pace it burned up the boulevards. Within twenty minutes it was in a quiet side street where old chestnut trees grew. It stopped in front of a modern three story apartment house.

"We have arrived!" the taxi driver announced.

Jack Turner shook the girl gently. "Wake up, Margo. You're home!"

There was no response. He tried again with the same result. The driver watched interestedly.

"No use. I've often driven ladies like that. They drink champagne and they go into a coma. She won't wake up for hours."

"What do escorts do in cases like this?"

The chauffeur made a gesture. "If I were you I'd open *mademoiselle's* pocketbook. I would take her key out. I would give the key to me. Then together we will go to her apartment. You will carry her and I will open the door. Simple, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Turner made a final effort to arouse the girl. When unsuccessful he followed out the chauffeur's idea. He climbed a flight of stairs with the girl in his arms. The chauffeur unlocked the door and held it open. He switched on lights while Turner laid his burden on a couch in a charmingly appointed living room.

"You see," the chauffeur said. "It always works."

Turner paid him off and shut and locked the door. He lighted a cigarette and investigated. Off a little hall was a gorgeous bedroom done in mauve and corn yellow. Connecting with that was a tiled bath with a built-in shower that had a glass door. For the rest there was a narrow kitchenette and a nicely furnished foyer.

Back in the living room, Turner mashed out his cigarette. He stared at the redhead. She was sprawled on the couch. One foot

dented the carpet. Her pose was grotesque and uncomfortable. He saw that a good Samaritan wouldn't leave her like that.

He got his arm under her, lifted and carried her into the bedroom. He deposited her carefully on the mauve spread.

For a minute he frowned thoughtfully. He saw there was only one thing to do under the circumstances. That was to undress and get her into bed. He sat down on the edge of the wide, elaborately carved bedstead. In a jiffy he had her small, remarkably high heeled slippers off.

THE PROBLEM OF removing her dress was more baffling. He spent some time before he was able to locate the cleverly concealed fastenings. They were under the left arm, hidden by a pleat. The dress opened from the hip to the shoulder. He got her arm through it, worked the dress so the other arm was free and drew it down over her legs. The procedure was not unlike peeling a banana. With a breath of relief Turner shook the dress out and hung it over the back of a chair.

As he had suspected she wore nothing but the panties. They were pale apricot, woven with ribbons and edged with delicate lace. He looked down at her, his heart pounding. Her breasts were like pink mounds. Her skin was creamy and smooth. He drew off the flowered garters that circled above her knees, added the stockings to the dress on the chair, and considered the task of the panties. Perhaps, he told himself, he should leave them on. Then he shook his head. No one went to bed in underwear. It just didn't add up right.

So the apricot panties went the way of the dress and hosiery. Turner walked over to the bureau. Where did she keep a nightie? He opened numerous drawers. Sensuous perfume crept out. He sorted through neat piles of lingerie. He found all manner of things but no nightie until he opened the last drawer. There were literally dozens of them there, a rainbow parade of transparent, clinging, airy robes de nuit.

Tumbling them about, Turner helped himself to a charming thing of lavender chiffon. It didn't weigh an ounce. He straightened up with it over his arm and then an amazing thing happened. Suddenly, and without forewarning, the light went out and the room was plunged in darkness!

Turner's exclamation was strangled. What had happened? Had he been struck blind because he had beheld the unveiled charms

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"BUBBLES!"

By

RALPH GORDON

IN a sidewalk cafe, on the *Rue de la Paix*, late one afternoon, the burly form of Jimmy Dolan was seated at a table.

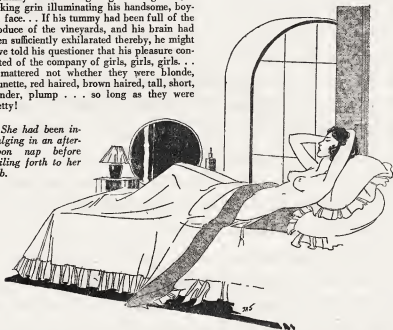
"What is your pleasure, *monsieur*?" asked the waiter, unctuously.

Jimmy finished lighting his cigarette, a lurking grin illuminating his handsome, boyish face. . . If his tummy had been full of the produce of the vineyards, and his brain had been sufficiently exhilarated thereby, he might have told his questioner that his pleasure consisted of the company of girls, girls, girls. . . it mattered not whether they were blonde, brunette, red haired, brown haired, tall, short, slender, plump . . . so long as they were pretty!

and set it down again, his eyes glued fascinatedly to it, while he inhaled his cigarette.

Something subconsciously caused him to lift his eyes, and through the haze of his smoke he saw the attraction. Sitting not a

She had been indulging in an afternoon nap before sailing forth to her job.



But Jimmy was about to partake of his first drink of the day, so he kept his secret to himself, and said: "Champagne . . . Mumm's . . . extra dry!"

"*Mais oui, monsieur!*" exclaimed the waiter, hustling off to fill the order, and returning in an extraordinarily short space of time with an ice filled bucket and a bottle.

In another moment, Jimmy found himself sitting before a thin-stemmed glass, with myriads of tiny bubbles rising and disappearing from the liquid as if from an inexhaustible fount. He lifted the glass, drank deeply,

dozen feet away, a girl was smiling at him. Her *chapeau* was pressed down on a head of bushy curls, golden brown and clustering about her attractively featured face.

"Hmmm!" said Jimmy, returning her smile, and inclining his head in a subtle invitation.

HALF AN HOUR LATER, the second bottle of champagne had been placed in front of them. Jimmy had consumed his share of the first, and was looking intently at the glass that had been filled from the second.

"*Monsieur!*" murmured Nanette, for that

was the name of the girl. "You aren't drinking your champagne."

Jimmy chuckled. "I love to watch the bubbles!" he replied.

He might have been watching the globules of air constantly arising from the wine, but he wasn't neglecting the far more enchanting vision sitting opposite him!

Her eyes were amber flecked balls of sparkling onyx, below a smooth forehead and finely penciled eyebrows. . . Her nose was sparingly pointed and her scarlet mouth was a splash of red in the paleness of her cheeks. But the physical charm and attraction that caught and held his attention was the throbbing column of her throat merging with the expanse of her bosom, and the rising young beauties of her breasts plainly outlined by her chiffon dress and, charmingly, peeping from the yoke, *sans brassiere*.

Her figure might have been that of a debutante budding out of the sweet period of adolescence . . . the form of girlhood blooming into the full blush of womanhood . . . firm, full, rounded, altogether luscious, innocently but potently inviting the attentions of an ardent lover.

Nanette pushed the glass toward him. "The bubbles are pretty, *monsieur*, but the wine is priceless!" she said. "Drink it, otherwise it will fall flat!"

Jimmy drank. . . He looked into her eyes as he swallowed the liquid, and she seemed to become more beautiful than ever! . . . But, suddenly, he heard her exclaim: "*Mon Dieu!* My purse has fallen!"

He smiled. "I'll pick it up for you!"

Pushing back his chair, he stooped, and his head disappeared below the table. His hands searched the floor, but as he recovered the purse, he caught sight of a lovely pair of limbs, encased in silken stockings, and bared by a short skirt until he could easily see beyond her knees!

Jimmy blinked. . . Was it the champagne working on his imagination, or was his eyesight accurate?

Jimmy plucked his head from beneath the table.

"Here's your purse!" he announced.

"*Merci, beaucoup!*" she smiled.

It might have been the champagne he had consumed, and it might have been the stooping under the table. . . Then, again, it might have been due to both causes in addition to the luscious sights above the rim of her silken stockings. . . But Jimmy's head was reeling!

"Let's take a walk!" he suggested.

"*Certainement!*" she replied, unhesitatingly.

With a staggering wave of his hand, he summoned the waiter. Peeling a sizeable note from his bankroll, he said: "Keep the change!"

Nanette, smiling, tucked her arm in his as they sallied forth.

NOT LONG THEREAFTER, footsteps were stamping and thumping up the stairs of a *pension* in *Montmartre*. Nanette was guiding Jimmy carefully, but it was his feet that were doing the stamping!

They had strolled along the boulevard for a block or two, but it so happened that the open air and champagne, as usual, didn't mix with any person as unaccustomed to wine as Jimmy, and Nanette was taking him home to her domicile.

Her key rattled in the door. She pushed it open and entered, to be met by her roommate, Suzette, who had been indulging in an afternoon nap before sailing forth to her job as cashier in a *cinema*.

"*Nom du nom!*" said Suzette. "You went out for a stroll. . . Where did you pick that specimen of the cafes?"

Nanette flashed a glance of vexation. . . Without a bit of hesitation, she led Jimmy toward the bed. . . It was still warm from the impress of the slim form of Suzette, and he slumped down on it.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Nanette. "He is an American, a stranger in the city of Paris. . . He was drinking champagne in a cafe. . . It seemed to go to his head. . . Should I have left him alone so that the police could hail him before a judge and fine him?"

Suzette laughed. "*Mais non, chérie!*"

She slipped an arm about Nanette, standing by the bed, and looking on the picture of Jimmy lying *hors-de-combat*.

"He needs a seltzer, for a certainty, something to bring him around to himself!" she murmured. "Run down to the apothecary, *charmante*, and buy him something."

Nanette untwined her arm from Suzette's. "I'll hurry!" she said, as she whisked her lovely figure through the door and scampered downstairs to the nearest drug store, which was several blocks distant.

SUZETTE TURNED AWAY from the bed, lighted a cigarette and walked back to stare down at Jimmy.

Only a flimsy chemise made a pretense of covering her pink skin, and pear-shaped, firm breasts sprang outward from her torso in

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taunting prominence, almost as visible as though they were bare.

"*Mon pauvre Américain!*" she murmured.

Sitting on the bed beside him, she unfastened the neckband of his shirt, then drew off his coat. . . Her fingers touched the skin of his neck, then, with a swift swoop, her face descended!

The wanton waves of her ash blonde hair obliterated his face as her lips lingered on his throat, slowly rising upward past his chin, to seek and find his lips, tightly closed in sleep. . . But Suzette's lips had always been accustomed to getting what they wanted, and, now, her mouth burrowed in deeply, biting, parting, separating, seeking!

Soon Jimmy's prone body was wrapped in desirous arms, while experienced fingers wandered over him. . . But, after several minutes, a sigh escaped her.

"*Parbleu!*" she murmured. "Is this a man or is it a corpse? . . . One of my kisses should be able to awaken a bronze image!"

Pacing the floor, the graceful figure of Suzette moved with the sinuous undulation of a tigress. . . The swan-like curve at the base of her neck was so deep it accentuated the contour of her hips and the tapering of her thighs, while her breasts rose and fell with the stress of passionate emotion.

She glanced toward Jimmy again. "*Diable!* It would be shameful if he would awake and leave without ever realizing the paradise of a moment in the arms of Suzette!"

Gliding back to him, she twined herself about him once more, and her lips engulfed his mouth! . . . Her fingers wandered, lingered!

Jimmy stirred. "Mmmmm!" he moaned, pouring the expletive into the mouth that prevented him from enunciating.

Suzette's eyes sparkled with the ecstasy of accomplishment, and soon, sighs of delight filled the atmosphere in the slowly darkening twilight of the room!

MINUTES PASS QUICKLY. Suzette had the look of innocence personified, the expression of the cat-that-ate-the-canary, when Nanette returned from the drug store. Jimmy was asleep again!

A glass was produced, half filled with water, and a powder was poured into it.

"Help me raise his head!" said Nanette. "You hold the glass to his lips!" cried Suzette. "I'll hold him up for you."

Her arm went around Jimmy's neck. Lift-

ing his head from the pillow, she snuggled it in the hollow of her shoulder, holding him so that his face rested against a breast which was still palpitating from the thrills of a totally unexpected encounter.

Nanette's fingers parted his lips and inserted the rim of the glass. He gulped, once, twice, thrice. . . then Suzette let his head sink back on the pillow.

"There!" she smiled. "That should bring him to life!"

Shrewdly, she glanced at Nanette to see if the latter had even the faintest suspicion of what had happened while she was on the trip to the apothecary shop. But Nanette only said:

"Look at his mouth! . . . It looks as though lipstick had been smeared on it!"

Suzette laughed. "Is it yours?" she murmured.

"Or yours, perhaps?" smiled Nanette.

"Taste it and see!" suggested Suzette.

Nanette bent down and pressed her parted lips to his. . . It was to be only a simple kiss, a taste of the lipstick that was apparently there, but it turned out to be a soulful example of passionate osculation. Suzette watched it.

Nanette breathed deeply. . . Suzette sighed. Jimmy slept!

"Whose lipstick is it?" murmured Suzette, a minute later.

"Who knows?" Nanette shrugged. "His mouth is so sweet that I forgot to notice. . . Now my own lipstick has obliterated the other!"

Suzette laughed hoisterously. "Who cares?" she said.

She glanced at the clock. "I must hurry and get dressed!" she went on. "Pierre is coming to take me to the cinema tonight."

LONG AFTER SUZETTE had gone, Nanette sat by the bed, looking at the sleeping form of Jimmy. He seemed to be so happy, so comfortable, and so blissfully contented.

In the sprawled position in which he was lying, he occupied nearly all of the bed, and she was wondering what was going to be done about it when Suzette returned.

It was their bed, the only one in the room. It was scarcely large enough for two people. Obviously, Jimmy had to be awakened and sent off to his hotel. . . But Suzette had failed to arouse him, *n'est-ce pas?*

Nanette's clock showed that it was only mid-evening. . . Suzette would be absent for an hour or more longer. . . In the meantime,

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POSITION IN LIFE

By

PHILIPPE di MARIO

OF COURSE you have to have a governess for Margot, Clyde!"

George Meade added his little bit to the discussion at hand with the serious demeanor of an Egyptian mummy.

Clyde Bannister scowled. "What do you know about it? How many governesses have you had for the children you haven't got? Huh?"

Jane Bannister, Clyde's blonde, easily impressed, fearfully social and annoyingly blue-blooded wife, spoke up. "George is perfectly right, Clyde. Now that we're located in Paris and you've been appointed European manager of the firm I think it's only fitting and proper that we engage a French governess for Margot. Certainly the child deserves every advantage of culture we can give her."

Clyde eyed his plumpish better half with an expression bordering closely on disdain. He tried to bridge the gap of years as he surveyed her full, bulging breasts addicted to pendancy, her slightly too voluptuous hips kept in place by a restraining girdle. It was difficult to picture this Jane as the Jane of ten years ago. Very, very difficult.

Then, her hair had been a chestnut brown, her breasts two taut little half-melons with rigid pink nipples, and her hips a youthful lyre of curving perfection. Clyde remembered his first kiss at the Oddfellow's Annual Picnic. Her lips had been sweet and moist and her girl's body a thrilling violin of untutored passion.

Jane, conscious of his scrutiny, placed the magenta-tipped whiteness of her hands on her hips. She squared her shoulders, giving her large breasts the upthrust rigidity they needed.

"Well, what do you say?" she snapped.

Clyde breathed deeply. "I say this: by what right should you have a private governess for Margot? Why can't she go to a public school like any other normal girl of her age. Why—?"

Jane's blue eyes became icy brilliant. "Because of our position in life, that's why! Can't you understand that we're members of a higher social stratum? Can't you appreciate the responsibility of our niche in society?"

"Rats!"

George Meade stepped into the marital breach. "Now, look, Clyde," he said calmly. "I've lived in Paris for six years and I know the American colony like a book. They're all snobs and the more dog you put on the more they like it. You want to put your outfit over in Europe, don't you? Well, the only way to do it is to play big shot. I'll arrange for an agency to send some governesses to your office and—"

"Oh, no, George," Jane broke in. "I'll interview them here."

George shook his head. "It's not done in France, Jane. The man of the household does all the engaging of help." He reached for his hat. Clyde was certain he caught a meaningful wink. "I'll see that some of them get down in the morning. So long."

WHEN HE WAS GONE, Jane let loose. "Sometimes I think you have no sense of social obligation, Clyde Bannister," she stormed. Evidently you don't stop to think that my people were the Hollingsworths of North Carolina and—"

"I don't give a damn if your people were the Virgins of the Virgin Islands!" Clyde shouted back. "Forget it!"

As was customary, Jane dropped into a chair and launched into a veritable Niagara Falls of tears. It was her usual defense mechanism and it worked perfectly.

Clyde sighed, shrugged and sauntered over to where she was hunched up, sobbing her heart out.

"All right, all right," he mumbled. "Turn off the water works. I'm sorry I hit you below the belt. I should know better."

He made some pretense at embracing her, but Jane refused to let it go at that. In turn she twined her plump arms about his neck and drew herself up from the chair.

"You—you love me, Clyde, don't you?" she whimpered.

To make his only reply seem more authentic, he slid one hand over her bulging hip and brought it to the brassiere-encased globe of a soft, yielding breast. For a moment his fingers toyed with the voluminous outline of that mound of flesh, even going so far as to tease the plump tip into partial rigidity.

"Of course I do, darling," he replied. "What in the world made you ask such a silly question?"

Jane clung to him, her voluptuous bosom flattened against his chest as much as a voluptuous bosom can be flattened against anybody's chest.

"I—I just wondered," she breathed, lifting her bee-stung, encarnadined lips.

Clyde kissed her, marveling at how much like bon-bons they made lipstick taste. Moments later, when he drew away, Jane was panting softly and her matronly bosom was rising and falling with unusual rapidity. It

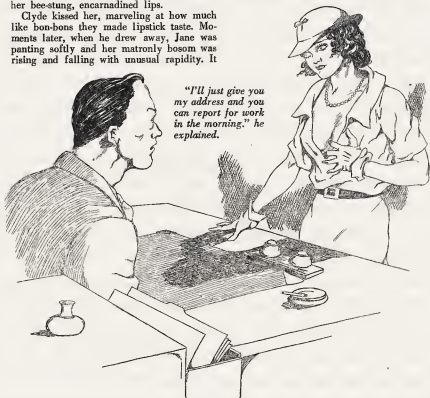
followed him into his private room and closed the door.

"You were an awful sap to argue with Jane," he said.

Clyde looked at him strangely. "Never mind that. What was the meaning of that wink you slipped me before you left last night?"

"Wink? Wink?" George's expression was

"I'll just give you my address and you can report for work in the morning," he explained.



pleased Clyde to think he could still thrill her to that extent, despite the fact that he was beginning to tire of her carelessly over-developed charms.

He thought of George Meade's parting wink. What had the son-of-a-gun meant by it? Was it possible he figured a governess might act in a dual capacity? The very idea sent tingling sensations racing up and down Clyde's spine.

"Of course I love you, Jane," he repeated eagerly, just to ease his conscience.

GEORGE MEADE WAS waiting for him at the office when he arrived the next morning. He

bland and innocent. "Guess my eye must have twitched." He leaned over the desk. "I'm sending a girl over to see you this afternoon, but you've got to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"No fooling around. She's pretty and she's French so you might be tempted. I'm just warning you, that's all."

"Say, since when have you become the little white-haired boy of morality?" he questioned.

George flushed. "I know it! I know it! You don't have to tell me what I did, but don't forget that I'm footloose and free and you

have a wife and kid. I can go places and do things but you can only go places."

"Oh, is that so? Well, you've got another guess coming, Mr. Meade! If this French governess looks good to me I'll let her do a little governessing in this neck of the woods, too."

George shrugged. "Well, don't say I didn't tip you off. I think Jane's a sweet kid and I'd hate like hell to have you two bust up." He sauntered to the door. "*Mademoiselle* Chabeau will be here about two. Toodle-oo."

Clyde awaited the hour of the prospective governess' arrival with some anxiety. And admittedly, the rewards of all his anxiety were great. He knew that the moment the dark-haired, ebony-eyed girl entered his office. Not in all his thirty-seven years of worldly existence, had he seen so perfect an example of feminine pulchritude.

Renee Chabeau was tall without being angular, voluptuous without being fat, and beautiful without being insipid. Her figure was a lithe, lissome poem of perfection from the jutting cones of her gorgeously erect breasts to the *fines attaches* of her slenderly graceful ankles.

Clyde started his tour of inspection at her melting eyes and rosebud mouth, paused for long, enjoyable moments at the point where her twin breasts made mock of a shirred blouse bodice, slid over the flat area of an exciting "tummy", and came to rest finally at the limned outlines of strong, robust thighs.

"*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" she greeted pleasantly, her voice throbbing like a bass viol, deep and sensual. "I am zee governess—Renee Chabeau."

Clyde somehow managed to come to his feet despite the fact that his knees were trembling and the palms of his hands gradually becoming moist.

"How—how do you do?" he replied. "I—I'm very happy to meet you." He motioned awkwardly to the chair drawn up at the desk. "Er—won't you be seated, *Mademoiselle*?"

Renee slid into the chair, crossing her sleek, chiffon-clad legs so that her skirt rode up above the dimples in her knees. Clyde took one hurried glance at the twin underpinning and found it difficult to concentrate on the business at hand.

"I have come to see you about zee position of governess, *Monsieur,*" she said softly. "If zere is anything you wish to know about zee experience I have had, I will be glad to tell you."

CLYDE WANTED NEITHER past history nor recommendations. To add to his further emotional instability, she leaned forward in her chair until the neckline of her waist billowed out sufficiently to reveal both her unbrassiered breasts in all their alabaster beauty.

Suppressing a gasp of astonishment, Clyde permitted his eyes to dip deep into the hollow between the curving white globes.

But the taut-skinned perfection of her firm bosom interested him far more than anything else. Comparisons with Jane's drooping, plum-centered charms were inevitable but odious. These upthrust hillocks on which his eyes were privileged to feast had no fault nor blemish. They were full and yet singularly firm. A dormant pink nipple capped each cone of snow, giving promise of being able to spring from their ecru-circled beds at a moment's notice.

"Er—blub—er—yes!" Clyde blurted. "Yes, about the governess' position, *Mademoiselle*. You wish to take care of my daughter, Margot, is that it?"

Renee smiled, baring two rows of sparkling white teeth. "*Oui, Monsieur.*" She shifted in her chair, somehow assisting the hem of her dress to ride further up her rounded thighs and uncover a goodly portion of white, velvet flesh above the rolled tops of her stockings. "If you wish zee references, *Monsieur*, I have zem," she added.

Clyde wished nothing at the moment. He could feel tiny drops of perspiration forming on his forehead. If he didn't end this interview in a hurry he could not be held to account for future behaviour. His fingers itched to plunge themselves inside her waist and test the resiliency of her breasts, and his mouth yearned to sample the flavor of her lip-rouge. But all that was next to impossible in his office.

"Er—references won't be at all necessary, *Mademoiselle,*" he gasped. "I'll just give you my address and you can report for work in the morning."

A chilling thought hit Clyde. The chances were ten to one that Jane would fly into a tantrum when this beauty reported to the house. There was no question that she would suspect him of hiring her not with Margot's well-being in mind, but his own. It would be wise to prepare her for the worst.

"Of course, *Mademoiselle,*" he added, "your permanent employment will depend on *Madame* Bannister."

Renee smiled engagingly. "*Oui, Monsieur*, I understand perfectly."

Only when Renee Chabeau had left the

office did Clyde actually realize how much he had gone through in the few minutes she was with him. All during the balance of the afternoon his mind was full of the glory of her breasts and the almost unbelievable beauty of her face.

The following day was one of fidgety nervousness. Would Jane accept Renee as Margot's governess or not? That question ran through Clyde's mind once every minute. Work became out of the question. He watched the clock anxiously, quitting even an hour earlier in order to discover whether or not the fates were with him.

As he entered the foyer of his house, he heard Margot's childish laughter from the upstairs playroom. It seemed to be a good omen. Certainly the child wouldn't be laughing unless someone were with her. He was about to mount the steps when Jane, attired in a flowing silk toga *negligee*, came out of the drawing room.

"Clyde," she gushed, her face all smiles, "she's a gem!"

Clyde's heart leaped to his throat but he made a good bluff of ignorance. "Who's a gem?"

"*Mademoiselle Chabeau*. How did you happen to show such good taste? Margot's crazy about her and I think she's a wonderful girl."

Clyde could scarcely believe his ears, but he hid his amazement well. "I—I'm glad you like her," he mumbled. "Er—she seemed very capable." She seemed other things, too, but they were unmentionable at the moment.

Jane nodded. "Yes. Oh, and by the way, Clyde. I'll be out for dinner and the evening. You remember Gloria Estes, don't you?" Clyde signified he did. "Well, she's in Paris," Jane continued, "and I'm having dinner with her and taking her to a few galleries. You don't mind, do you?"

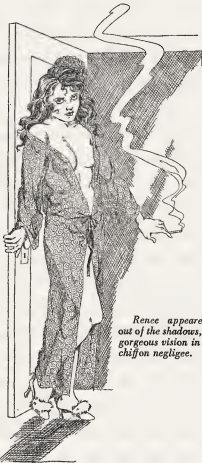
Clyde hastened to assure her he had not the slightest objection. Inwardly, he thrilled. It was the best break of his lifetime. Imagine being left alone with the hot-eyed Renee the first night of her employment!

IMAGINATION CRYSTALLIZED into reality not very long after Jane had gone. Too nervous with anticipation to do justice to his dinner, he finished it quickly and repaired to the upstairs drawing room. Margot had long since been put to bed, but Renee was nowhere in sight.

Clyde picked up a book, settled himself in a chair and idly thumbed through the pages. The ticking of his own wristwatch was like

the incessant pounding of an anvil in the quiet of the night. At momentary intervals he looked up to see whether Renee were passing through the hall.

At last his reward came with the sound of light footsteps. He came to his feet. "*Mademoiselle Chabeau*," he called softly.



Renee appeared out of the shadows, a gorgeous vision in a diaphanous chiffon *negligee*.

Renee appeared out of the shadows, a gorgeous vision in a diaphanous chiffon *negligee*. Her long, blue-black hair fell about her shoulders, forming an ideal frame for the pure milky whiteness of her skin. Clyde sucked in a great mouthful of breath. He could see her splendidly high breasts through the chiffon, the dimpled arc of her torso, even the galaxy

of melting curves where her thighs joined her hips.

"*Bon jour, Monieur,*" she whispered. "You see zat I have been engaged, non?"

Clyde found voice. It was choked and a little throaty, but it served. "I—I'm glad," he stammered, eyes centered on the erect,

thrilling to the rounded softness of it. "It—it's this way."

In the semi-darkness, her warm thigh brushed against him and the coral tip of one breast left its searing mark on his back. He stopped short when he reached the door of her room, certain that momentum would carry her almost into his arms. It did, not only almost, but totally.

She gasped a murmured apology and made as though to step away, but Clyde knew a good thing when he had it. He pulled her into the dark room and slammed the door shut. Even *sans* light he encountered no trouble finding her moist lips.



"I'm crazy about you, baby!" he panted.

"Please," the girl whispered, "I—I am afraid!"

roseate buds adorning her breasts. "Er—do you know your room?" he questioned.

Renee nodded, her eyes swimming. "*Oui*, but I do not know where zee light is. I will have to become accustomed to it, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Clyde dashed across the room and into the hall. "I—I'll s-show you!" he panted. "Here, come this way." He grasped her arm,

Renee protested at the sudden liberty via a pronounced body wriggle, but instead of accomplishing its purpose, it acted in quite the other way. It brought her gorgeous breasts bouncing against Clyde's chest and her lithe hips into adhesive contact with his.

"I'm crazy about you, baby!" he panted between fervent kisses, some of which landed

on her parted lips and some of which went awry but were no less exciting.

"Please, *Monsieur*," the girl whispered. "I—I'm afraid!"

Partially to quiet her fears and partially to assure himself once and for all that the twin flesh cones he had seen were real, Clyde parted her *negligee*, slid one hand over her warm body, and finally reached the goal of his desire, the velvet valley between her breasts.

From that point on resistance would have been impossible for Renee. Clyde had burned both their bridges behind them with the fire of his passion. His fingers, never tiring of discovery, raced from one coral-budded mound to the other, deserting their lush, throbbing softness only to travel fleetingly over the svelte sweep of hip and the dimple-indented plane of a palpitating "tummy".

A soft, yielding moan escaped Renee's lips as Clyde eased her garment from her shoulders and forced it to the floor. Now all the fervent warmth of her voluptuous body played host to his eager, questing hands. Hot lips forced her own apart and sampled the nectar dispensed by an agile, pink tongue. Her breasts swelled and the points of them bored rigidly into his palm.

WHEN HE AWOKE the following morning, Clyde realized he had retired prior to Jane's return home from her engagement. He slid quietly out of bed. He was imbued with an unusual exhilaration as he shaved and washed, slightly dampened when he discovered that Renee had already taken Margot out for a walk.

Arrived at the office, he set to work with a will, secure in the knowledge that for some time to come he would have much to be thankful for.

Close to noon, a short, dapper Frenchman requested an interview. In good cheer, Clyde ordered him to be admitted. He waddled into the private office like an officious penguin, his waxed black moustache dancing on his upper lip.

"*Monsieur Bannister*," he blurted, "I have come to see you on zee very serious matter!" He extracted a legal document from his jacket pocket. "I have here zee papers in zee one million *franc* lawsuit against you!"

Clyde blanched. "Wh-what do you mean?"

"I mean simply zis, *Monsieur*! You have assault my client, *Mademoiselle Renee Chateau* and we demand one million francs damage or else we will go to zee courts, *comprenez-vous*?"

Clyde understood perfectly. So perfectly

that it made him green around the gills. He thought of Jane and Margot—the scandal of it all! But where was he to get a million francs?

He reached for the phone to call George Meade. In response to the hurry call, George arrived at the office. The voluble French lawyer was ushered into the waiting room.

"Now what am I going to do?" Clyde gasped. "I've got a wife and a child to think of! I don't give a damn about myself, but what about Jane and Margot? What about their position in life?"

George stared at him blankly. "Now you're worried about 'position in life', aren't you?"

"Yes!"

"All right, I'll see what I can do, but only on one condition. This is the end!"

Clyde rolled his eyes. "On my honor! Jane is good enough for me from now on!"

It was an hour before George reappeared after talking to the French lawyer in the outer office. His face was all smiles.

"Okay, pal. One thousand francs settles it!"

Clyde drew a check quicker than he had ever drawn one before. "And tell him to tell his client she's fired!" he shouted.

George grinned. "All right, but you mind your own business from now on and attend to married life. I've got to run along. Good-bye."

AT A SMALL, INCONSPICUOUS cafe far removed from Clyde Bannister's office, George Meade faced Jane Bannister across a white-topped table.

"He was scared stiff," he said, "From now on you'll find him a terribly devoted husband."

Jane smiled. "I expected that reaction. You know, a husband is like an airplane. You've got to know how to bring them down to earth and back into the hangar." She sighed. "Of course, I suppose I'm partly to blame. I am getting plump and—"

George's eyes dropped to her bulging large breasts. "I think you're lovely," he whispered. "Let's not go into that!" Jane countered, but there was promise in her voice. After all, now that a wandering husband was back in the fold why couldn't a wife do a little wandering on her own hook? "Think of my position in life," she teased.

She was leaning forward when she said that. George's eyes bulged. "That's what I'm thinking of and I think it's nice!"

He drew the curtain in front of the booth. What was sauce for the goose became super-sauce for the gander!

BRIEF SURRENDER

By
GERARD RAVEL

THE servant whose extremely fortunate lot in life it was to present the necessities of the morning to *Madame Yvonne Voison* tapped lightly on the door and then entered the *boudoir*. *La bonne*, who had never heard the legend of the sleeping beauty, would surely have been less impressed by that tale than she was by the alluring vision of her lovely mistress' recumbent figure.

Awake or asleep, Yvonne Voison's supple sinuous charms were ravishing enough to inspire a poetical frenzy; and Tina, though hardly a poet, could not suppress a rapt sigh of admiration. It was sufficiently audible to arouse Yvonne.

Opening her eyes, she smiled lazily, "*Mais oui*, it must be late. I did not close my eyes till dawn." Raising herself on silken pillows, she extended her slender white arms in a careless gesture that threatened for a moment to completely dislodge her filmy *robe de nuit* from its precarious position. Half baring the rose-like petulance of breasts voluptuous and fair, the semi-transparent gown was as nothing over the upper half of Yvonne's delectably lissome figure, proving to Tina once again that this mistress was one of the most desirable she had ever served.

"I have *Madame's* tray," she offered politely. "Will you have it now, or after you dress?"

"Put it aside Tina, and tell me this. Has he gone?"

"*Oui, Madame*. Two hours ago."

"And is he here?"

The faintest trace of a smile touched the servant's lips as she replied again, "*Oui, Madame*. He arose an hour ago and has been asking for you ever since."

"*Bien*, you may go."

Alone, it was Yvonne's turn to smile. In that smile there was perhaps a bit of pity for a husband who thinks that, by sheltering his wife in a luxurious, though quite isolated villa in *Fontainebleau*, he may keep her most safely for his own. It had been true once, but hardly now, what with M. Vincent Voison spending sixteen hours every day in Paris and almost begrudging the few short minutes he did spend with his wife. Business, always business! Not once in the past year had he

tested the door between his *boudoir* and Yvonne's to find out whether or not it was locked.

Yvonne, all woman, had not truly known just how much had been lacking in her life until the previous night. Her husband had returned at his usual hour, but he had not come alone. With him had been an American; young and vigorously masculine, yet delightfully sophisticated. The curious twist of his lips, the hint of unmasked questions and the bold appraisal of his eyes upon her as they dined had stirred Yvonne's pulses to unwonted speed.

"*M'sieur* Winthrop is staying a day or so," Vincent had said casually. "I hope that you can entertain him."

"We Americans demand a great deal, you know," Derek Winthrop had added humorously. Afterwards when dancing with her to the radio while Vincent watched paternally, Derek had whispered into her ear, "I really meant what I said, but don't let it frighten you."

His arms were possessively, though conventionally around her, while his left hand pressed lightly against the luscious roundness of her bosom, half revealed by the low cut of her formal gown. The mere contact was sufficient to make Yvonne's words unsteady as she replied; "Frightened? Are you sure, *M'sieur*, that that is what you mean?"

Derek, reluctantly releasing her as the music ceased, answered, "You and I aren't going to begin by quibbling about mere words. Let me present you to your husband—but only for a moment. I'll be back!"

And right he was. Even with the presence of Vincent for a chaperone, Derek was clever and discreet enough to begin a flirtation; and as he himself admitted, a flirtation was but the prelude to an affair.

REMEMBERING ALL THIS, Yvonne was conscious of a new and hitherto suppressed feeling of recklessness as she realized that Vincent had been careless enough to leave her quite alone with this American, this gentleman who said so much and meant so much more! Yvonne wasn't brazen, indeed she was fair proof that the wives of France are among

the most virtuous in the word—though few of them were quite so enticing as Yvonne. But being a Parisienne, she was also a woman and the thrill of being desired was far from distasteful.

She emerged from her bed and pushed aside the curtains to allow the sunlight to stream

limbed, vibrant picture of the ultimate in feminine nudity. Quite *au naturel*, Yvonne was wrapped only in a reverie, a pleasant vista of illusion that held her motionless for several minutes.

An airy gust of wind swung the window



"Tell me, Tina.
Has he finally gone?"

brilliantly into the room, for an instant silhouetting her lithe svelte body as though she were completely nude. And in another moment, the silhouette was gone. In its place as the robe fell first from the jutting tips of her ripe breasts, firm white globes of exquisitely matched beauty; and then from the shapely contours of her hips and thighs was a white

toward her and Yvonne moved quickly to push it open again. Doing so, she became abruptly aware that the birds and the bees had not been the sole watchers of her indiscreet posing. On the lawn below and really quite close to the house stood none other than the American about whom she had been thinking. And indeed, it was just possible that his thoughts had been of her likewise. His eyes, meeting hers quite boldly, gave evidence that he had missed no detail of the charms of her unclad beauty.

Yvonne hastily drew the blinds and retired

to a privacy that was as none at all as she remembered his insouciant gaze upon her revealed figure. Angry with herself for being so foolish, she quickly slipped into the brief confinement of a scanty chemise and adjusted its web of lace over the throbbing tips of her breasts. Mules gave way to stockings and slip-

"Yvonne, darling! Another moment and I should have gone mad."

As he swept her into his arms, Yvonne surrendered her scantily clad loveliness for a briefly ecstatic moment to passionately insistent caresses touching boldly upon the firm half moons of her breasts, traveling desirously toward the slim tapering curves of her waist. It was madness, indeed; but it was also morning. No telling what might have happened under the magic spell of a summer moon; but with the possibility all too likely of Tina's making an indiscreet entrance, Yvonne forced



"I was not expecting you," she said nonchalantly.

pers; while uncertainty gave way to certainty as there came a knock on the door. Before Yvonne could do more than throw a *negligee* over her shoulders, Derek Winthrop was inside, impulsively embracing her while his lips sought her own with an ardor that couldn't be denied.

"Yvonne!" he whispered hoarsely, fervently.

herself to break away from Derek's arms.

"You are much too impatient," she murmured breathlessly, drawing the *negligee*

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more closely around her in a delightfully ineffectual attempt to conceal the intoxicating charms of her almost nude figure.

"Impatient?" Derek echoed. "But I've waited since last night, and believe me it has been an eternity. Surely you don't deny that you share a little of my feelings?"

"Vraiment," Yvonne replied, "I deny nothing; but I am married. You are my husband's guest."

"And willing to be his co-respondent."

"But not like this."

"Why not? I can't imagine a more pleasant way."

WHOLLY AMERICAN, IT WAS impossible for him to combine logic with passion, and the dangerous proximity of Yvonne's diaphanously clad ivory limbed beauty, the petulant tips of her luscious breasts enticingly visible through the lacy web of her *negligée*, served to conspire against the former. Nor was Yvonne herself so completely immune to the well springs of emotion surging within her as Derek's arms again encircled the pliant curve of her hips, his lips burning hot and cold upon the white flesh of her throat and the inviting hollow between her voluptuous breasts.

Strange that so ardent an embrace could have been broken by no more than the gentlest tap on the door, but such was precisely the case. Derek stepped back hastily as Tina entered the *boudoir*, quite unaware of course of the scene she had interrupted.

"I have the mail," she said casually, "also *Madame's* dress. There is a letter for you, too, *M'sieur*," she added, handing Derek an envelope as he moved to depart.

Yvonne followed him to the door, her heart still pounding uncontrollably from the fire of his caresses. Before he left, she whispered swiftly into his ear; "*Ce soir, mon chère*. It will be different then. Trust me and, until then, think of me."

Closing the door, an enigmatic smile touched her lips as she returned to Tina, "As a servant," she remarked not unkindly, "you are an excellent chaperone."

"A thousand pardons, *Madame*."

"I am grateful, rather than angry," Yvonne reassured her. "You saved me from being cheap, from being a *cocotte*; yet the feeling I have for this American is one such as I have never known before. Maddening, Tina, for with him I am helpless. I forget that I am married."

"Will *Madame* forgive my saying that it

must sometimes be hard for you to believe that you are?"

"That I do not deny; but as long as Vincent is my husband, as long as he is true to me, it is useless for me to be indiscreet. I should hate myself. If he were otherwise—"

The ghost of a smile lighted Tina's eyes, "*Madame* is a very clever woman. No man can stray unless there is a temptation. If there isn't why does not *Madame* supply it?"

"*Voilà!* Bring me my address book and remind me next Saturday that you are to have an increase in wages!"

In going through the list of her Parisian acquaintances, Yvonne discovered the names of several women who might reasonably be expected to lure the most unsusceptible male from the path of marital fidelity. From all of these, she chose Julie Loraine, whose pert and piquantly curved blonde beauty would show off to good advantage against Yvonne's more statuesque contours. She hadn't seen Julie for the better part of a year, but if the gossip she had heard was true, the latter was still on the loose for any likely gentleman, preferring those who fell into Vincent's class of being not too young, pleasantly sophisticated and abounding in franc notes.

Yvonne's choice was well made, for Julie was free for the evening and eager to accept the telephoned invitation. "Vincent will drive you out," Yvonne added.

"*Bien!*" Julie gurgled at the other end of the wire. "It will be delightful to see him once again. Do you trust him to ride so far alone with me?"

Yvonne disregarded the implication. "We shall dine at eight. You will be here in plenty of time for us to have a little chat. *Au revoir!*"

Not daring to trust herself against Derek's wiles, Yvonne kept to her *boudoir* for the afternoon and occupied herself with the selection of food and wines for the dinner that night, but it was not strange that there was much upon her mind aside from the mere question of food. She didn't have any doubts as to Julie's siren-like tendencies but whether or not Vincent would succumb to her allure was a puzzle that was becoming increasingly intriguing as the hour drew near. If he did, then there would certainly be no bar to her rendezvous with Derek. If not—*mais voilà*, one never knew!

AS SHE SAW THE CAR sweep into the drive at a little after six, Yvonne chose to stay in her *boudoir*, rather than to go downstairs. Clad in velvet lounging pajamas, she waited impatiently for Tina to bring up her guest,

knowing that this little chat might be most important.

It wasn't long until Julie swirled into the room, a gay smile on her lips as she impulsively embraced Yvonne. "How enchanting to be with you again, and to see that you are still as lovely as ever!"

"You are hardly senile yourself, Julie. One would never think that you burned the candle at both ends."

"*Vraiment!* But I am still single, while you are so happily married. And to such a marvelous husband!" Julie was lavish in her praise—a good sign. "You have trained him well, Yvonne; even to such fine points as carrying safety pins with him."

"*Mais je ne comprends—*"

"*Regardez!*" Julie plumped herself down on the bed and brazenly drew up her skirt a considerable distance to expose the limpid whiteness of a supple thigh. Also visible was a dainty pink garter strap, broken but held together by a prosaic little safety pin. "Now do you understand?" she laughed. "Without Vincent's pin, it might have been a tragedy."

Yvonne nodded sagely; "A needle and thread will repair it most permanently. Tina can do it while we wait."

Sitting by while Julie divested herself of her gown, Yvonne's lips formed a reflective smile. It was so like Julie to seize upon any chance happening as an excuse to parade her undeniable charms. It was easy to imagine what effect the display of so delectable a leg would have had on Vincent's state of mind during the ride out. And that, surely, was but the beginning!

Looking up, she found Julie, quite nude save for a brassiere and scanties, holding out the damaged garter belt. "Shall I wait like this?" she asked.

"If you like," Yvonne replied. "I'll take it to Tina at once."

But opening the door to the hall, it was not Tina whom she abruptly bumped into. It was Vincent, and regardless of how ascetic he might have been, it was impossible to imagine that he could be quite unaffected by the unexpected vision of Julie, standing in the center of the *boudoir* and arrayed in but two articles of abbreviated *lingerie*. The brassiere in serving as a resting place for the luscious mounds of her breasts only enhanced their piquancy, while the scanties merely accentuated sinuous curve of her hips.

"*Mon Dieu!*" Julie gasped in a pretty show of dismay.

"*Pardon!*" Vincent stammered hastily and hacked away.

Yvonne closed the door. "I was not expecting you," she uttered nonchalantly. "Is it important?"

"*Mais non,*" her husband gulped. "Eh, my white tie—have you seen it?"

"Try the usual place," Yvonne suggested and went off in search of Tina. It was pleasant to realize that, while the garter belt could easily be repaired, the damage—if one chose to call it that—to Vincent's nervous system might be aided by but one thing alone, the one thing which Yvonne was planning!

A LITTLE LATER WHEN she and Julie rejoined the men for cocktails, Yvonne had an enigmatic smile in answer to Derek's questions. "You like her?" she replied when he mentioned Julie.

"She is attractive," Derek admitted gallantly, "but as long as I have you it wouldn't make any difference if she was Lady Eve in the flesh."

"You are sure of that?"

"If we were alone, I'd prove it to you."

Further conversation was interrupted by the announcement of dinner and the talk remained on the usual conventional plane until afterwards when the four went out onto the terrace for coffee and *liqueurs*.

"How strange that so glorious a night should be lacking a moon," Julie remarked as Vincent applied a match to her cigarette.

"The moon is here," he answered. "It is best seen from the rose garden."

"Suppose I make that an invitation and accept?" She eyed him provocatively, and taking him by the arm led him away from Yvonne and Derek.

The latter lost no time in showering ardent and pleading kisses upon her lips. "Yvonne darling," he murmured fervently. "How adorable and how clever you are! One never knows what to expect."

Thrilling to the touch of his lips on hers and the passionate intensity of his caresses, contacts that made her breasts quiver with delight beneath the sheer fabric of her gown; Yvonne was still bothered by one last quail of conscience.

"Follow them," she told Derek. "Then I shall know the truth. When you have the proof, then come back to me."

"You will wait here?"

She shook her head, "*Mais non*; did you have any trouble in finding me this morning?"

Alone in her *boudoir*, Yvonne dimmed all

(Please turn to page 59)

Girl O' The Boulevards!

By

DIANA PAGE

OUT of the dim shadows of the entrance vestibule of an old-fashioned *pension* near the Seine, illuminated only by one small bulb in a ceiling chandelier, came the sound of a masculine voice, choked and hoarse with emotion:

"Je t'adore, ma belle, je t'adore!"

A girlish giggle answered this outburst of adoration, and a slender figure twisted out of the tight embrace of the young man who made this declaration so soulfully.

Clutching at the gaping vent which his exploring hand had made in the front of her chiffon blouse, an aperture so wide and deep that it was now showing almost all there was to be seen of the dauntless young breasts springing from the valley of her bosom, she backed away from him, saying in a bushy tone:

"It is enough, Louis! I must run upstairs!"

Carefully folding the pleats of her blouse so that it resumed the aspect of charming modesty it possessed before he had been emboldened to unfasten it, she asked:

"Where is my pin?"

There was a mischievous gleam in Nancy Hautell's blue eyes as she put the question.

Reluctantly, Louis handed back the bar-pin that he had removed from the yoke of her blouse, and, with even greater reluctance, watched her clasp it together. His fingers were twitching nervously in the aftermath of the thrill he had experienced when he had been allowed to fondle the silky skin of the coral-tipped breasts now nestling under the chiffon in luscious repose.

"You're a very naughty boy!" she murmured. *"Bon nuit!"*

The clock in a nearby steeple chimed the hour of three. "Listen!" she smiled. "Perhaps I should have said *bon matin* instead of saying *bon nuit*."

Moving away, one foot was already on the bottom step of the flight of stairs leading to the dark upper regions of the house, when he caught her hand and drew her masterfully into his arms again.

"One more kiss!" he muttered.

Nancy let her curving body, soft and warm press against him until she could feel the

throb of his pounding heart, and her poppy-bud mouth was only a scant inch from his lips as she whispered:

"Mon Dieu!" The wedge of a pink tongue emerged from her ivory teeth to moisten her lips. *"Are you never satisfied, mon cher?"*

"Charmante!" he said, huskily. *"Kiss me!"*

Tantalizingly, she kept her face just far enough away from his so that their lips couldn't meet, while she gazed into the blazing depths of his eyes and fanned his cheeks with her fragrant breath.

"You have had dozens of kisses!" she told him, mockingly. *"My mouth feels as if it were swollen!"*

"Nancy, ma cherie ange!" he implored. *"One more kiss before you go, or else you'll drive me insane."*

"Only one . . . you will be satisfied then?" She arched her back, her hands pressing on his chest, but this only served to bring her figure closer to him.

"Oui, oui, oui!" he stated, impatiently. *"I could never be satisfied, but I shall have to be content."*

Her arms slipped about his neck. . . Her lips were parted so widely that her mouth was a pink and white nest for teeth and tongue. With the slow precision of one who is expertly versed in the art of giving and receiving a passionate kiss, she welded their lips.

His response was immediate and an arm became a band of steel around her, while a creeping hand came to delve into the softness of breasts now completely covered by chiffon!

Nancy went limp while her mouth clung tenuously to his. . . She caught herself wishing that it were still early in the evening, and that a kiss like this might ignore the passage of time!

It was when his fingers were fumbling at the clasp of the bar-pin once more that she tore her lips away.

"Non, non, non!" she murmured, seizing his hand. *"I must go!"*

Like a startled moth she flew up the stairs. At the top of the first flight, she lifted her finger tips to her pouting mouth and blew him

down a smiling kiss, then she vanished into the darkness.

Louis gritted his teeth and passed into the street. He was only one of many. Nancy numbered her suitors by the score, for she was the kind of girl who delighted in a flirtation, always playful, never serious!

ON THE THIRD FLOOR, Nancy cautiously opened a door. All was quiet in the room. Through the window, a pale moon dissipated its rays directly on the bed, where her sister, Marie, was evidently fast asleep.

Nancy tiptoed to the bed, and stood looking down at the sleeping girl. Marie's dark hair covered the pillow, and her long eyelashes swept her cheeks. Her lips were slightly parted, an arm was outflung on the blanket, and a pertly rounded little breast thrust itself beyond the edge of her nightdress, its cone, though crimson, glowing darkly in the light of the moon.

"Sweet!" murmured Nancy.

Impulsively, she placed a palm on that impertinent breast, fondling it tenderly, and simultaneously bent down to bestow a kiss of greeting on the lips which apparently invited it. . . It was intended to be a kiss of the passively gentle kind, but Nancy's mouth lingered.

This was a fatal move, if she wished to creep to bed unnoticed, for Marie's eyes opened sleepily, then widened as she glanced at the clock on the bureau.

"Nancy, *cherie*!" she cried, sitting up. "Look at that time! It is past three!"

"What of it?" asked Nancy, airily, tossing her hat away, to let the moonbeams turn her hair into a sea of yellow gold.

"*Nom du nom du nom!*" Marie went on. "This is getting to be a habit with you!"

One shapely leg dangled over the side of the bed, swinging to and fro and causing the nightdress to ride along her thigh with very attractive results from the standpoint of revelations, while she didn't bother to retrieve the lace strap that had drifted from her shoulder, leaving the same breast still exposed.

"Bah!" Nancy stamped her foot irritably. "I have done nothing that is wrong. . . Louis took me to the cinema, and then we stopped at a cafe for a glass of wine and a few dances."

"This is an outrageous hour for you to be getting home!" her elder sister insisted. "Soon you will have no better reputation than a girl of the boulevards!"

Nancy laughed. She had discarded her dress, and was peeling off her stockings. Only a tiny pair of panties remained as a

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garment when she stood up, and, whisking them off, she tripped to the closet for the pongee pajamas she used as a sleepy-time costume. As she walked across the rug, the beauty of her lithe young figure was breathtaking . . . the sweeping curve of her back, the lissom contours of hips and limbs, the delectable quiver of her breasts!

She thought that what she had told Marie was enough. . . She didn't want to add that there had been several glasses of wine, instead of one, and a single good night kiss had developed into many, with trembling fingers exploring her charms!

"Girl of the boulevards!" she mused, well knowing what Marie had meant.

On her way back from the closet, she obtained a full-figured view of herself in the mirror, and she thought, sarcastically, that a girl of the boulevards with a form like hers would be hard to find.

"A cocotte!" she said, aloud. "You mean to say that I shall be known as a *grisette*, perhaps?"

Marie sniffed, slid under the bedclothes and turned her back.

"You're incorrigible!" she exclaimed.

Nancy smiled devilishly, pulling down the shade at the window so that there would be a semblance of darkness when she got into bed!

IT WAS PAST MIDNIGHT, on the following evening, when Nancy could be seen in the midst of a group of ardent admirers at a studio party in the *Latin quartier*.

A cocktail glass was in her hand. An arm was around her waist, and another arm, seeking to circle the same spot, withdrew when it discovered that it was already occupied.

There were six young men in her particular group. . . Nancy's sparkling blue eyes swept them. . . Six mouths ready to kiss her, six pairs of arms aching to embrace her, six pairs of hands itching to wander about all the soft curves of her body!

A phonograph was playing dance music.

"This is my dance!" said the youth whose arm was around her.

"It's mine!" said another, eagerly.

"*Mon Dieu!*" stated a third. "Where do I fit in?"

Nancy laughed. "I promised it to *monsieur l'Americain* . . . Come, Tommy, let us dance!"

Tommy Sharp wasn't one to lose an opportunity, however unexpected. He swung her into the rhythm of a fox trot, leaving the group of youths all forsaken and forlorn.

The top of her curly blonde head reached

to his chin. He wondered the kind of perfume she affected in her hair, or whether the scent that made him inhale so deeply was the natural fragrance of her? It was an illusive scent, and he obeyed the urge to fold her in his arms so tightly that she seemed to be melting.

"Nancy!" he murmured, throbbingly.

"Oui?" she replied, flashing an upward glance.

"You didn't promise me this dance!" he stated, emphatically.

"Of course I didn't!" she giggled, giving his hand a squeeze that was a thrill in itself.

"Then why did you tell them that you did?" he pursued, holding her as closely as he dared.

"Because I wanted to get away from them!" she answered, frankly. "It seems that all the boys want to do is paw me and handle me and kiss me so intimately . . . they don't really want to dance."

Tommy relaxed his embracing arm. . . . Maybe he was holding her much too tightly, he thought, and perhaps she would place him in the same category with the rest of them.

He had met her for the first time that evening, and he had reached the decision that she was just about the loveliest little creature that he had ever met, here, there, or anywhere!

His lips were burning to quench their thirst in the moist pool of her mouth, his fingers were twitching with the desire to course over her body, searching for all the sweet charms he suspected were there! But he didn't want to be rebuffed if he attempted it! And the next remark she made was straight to the point.

"They treat me as if I were a girl of the boulevards!"

She, too, had been vastly attracted by Tommy, but she had been very gay during the early part of the evening, and she didn't want him to come to the conclusion that she was, after all, just what her sister had said she might become . . . "a girl of the boulevards."

"They're mistaken, aren't they?"

"Mais oui!" she exclaimed, emphatically.

"So you asked me to dance with you so that you might escape that bunch of fellows?"

"That wasn't the real reason, Tommy!" she murmured. "You see, I like to dance with you!"

His heart leaped for joy. . . His arm gripped her tightly. . . She snuggled against him deliciously, thinking of all the young men with whom she had formerly danced, all the exciting things that she had done to make

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them thrill with desirous passion, all the kisses she had exchanged. . . There was Louis in the vestibule last night!

Nobody had ever danced with her as thrillingly as Tommy! . . . She was willing to wager that none of the kisses she had enjoyed since her childhood days, and they were legion, would taste as sweet as Tommy's lips. . . One kiss of his would make all the rest fade into oblivion!

Suddenly, the music seemed to be faint, and, as suddenly, he stopped dancing.

Nancy opened her eyes. . . Her lids had been tightly shut, as she moved in attunement with his steps, dreaming away!

They were in another room. Tommy led her to a divan.

"I wanted to have a talk with you!" he explained. "Do you mind leaving the crowd in there for a little while?"

"Mais non!" she replied, unhesitatingly, as he sank down beside her on the couch.

Her heart was beating wildly. They were all alone. Never, in all of her young life, had she wanted a man to kiss her as ardently as she wished for Tommy's kiss.

His arms went around her as closely and as naturally as though he had known her forever. Deep into the soft promontories of her breasts his fingers went, while other finger tips were wandering. . . .

Nancy shivered thrillingly as his lips captured her mouth. . . And then she sighed contentedly. . . All of her young life she had wanted men. . . Now she wanted only one man, and he was Tommy!

MARIE PACED THE FLOOR in her room the next morning. Nancy had not come home from that party!

"Diable!" she thought, her panting chest causing her pert breasts to tremble like bowls of jelly. "What can have happened?"

There was a sharp rapping on her door. It was a messenger boy, with a telegram.

Feverishly, Marie tore open the envelope:

"Cherie!" the message read. "You need never worry any more about my becoming a girl of the boulevards. . . I've just been married to the most wonderful husband even you would choose for me, and I'll bring him around for an introduction as soon as the honeymoon fever will permit."

The telegram was signed: "Nancy."

BRIEF SURRENDER

(Continued from page 53)

the lights save one, but even so there was sufficient illumination to reveal a figure of intoxicating loveliness as she slowly unfastened her gown, letting it drop to the floor to disclose the enticing symmetry of her bosom, the tapering contours of her waist and white flesh of her shapely thighs. A moment later when slippers and hose had joined the silken pool at her feet, she was nearly *au naturel*, a mere wisp of chiffon clinging to her hips and nothing at all to stay the quivering tips of her voluptuously firm breasts. Nude save for the diaphanous step-ins, she leaned over the bed to pick up a *negligee* of exotic black lace, only to have a quiet tapping on the door suddenly send the blood racing madly through her veins.

"Un moment. . . ." She answered breathlessly.

"*Mais, ma chéri*, a moment is far too long," was the reply.

Yvonne heard the door come open, but before she could turn around two masculine arms gently but firmly encircled her supple waist, while a voice whispered ardently, "You are surprised, *ma petite*! Ah, but you would laugh if I were to tell the truth, the real reason why I came in. . . ."

"Vincent!" Yvonne gasped in dismay as she realized that it was not Derek but her husband who embraced her. Stranger yet was the fact that the touch of his hands upon her half nude body was undeniably provoking the same response she had anticipated from Derek's caresses.

"I came in seeking a match for my pipe," Vincent went on, "but that is assuredly not the reason I am staying! You will not put me out?"

As he took her possessively into his arms, brushing aside the *negligee* to allow his caresses to travel unheeded over the jutting mounds of her breasts and to stray more passionately to the glistening whiteness of her thighs, Yvonne surrendered herself to a new ecstasy, a thrill tempting beyond words. There was much to explain, but this was not the time for it.

IN THE MORNING WHEN Yvonne awakened to find him still beside her, he stilled the questions upon her lips with an explanation that needed only the beginning to be complete.

"I've been awake for hours," he smiled,

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"thinking that you were very clever as well as desirable. Can you forgive me?"

"For last night?"

"Mais non; for wasting a whole year with a silly blonde like Julie when I could have had you! Not until I saw you together last night did I realize how cheap, how promiscuous she really was. She practically—"

Yvonne might have confessed just how little she knew of Vincent's affair, had not Tina entered the room just then. Taken aback by the sight which met her eyes, she nevertheless managed to set down the breakfast tray, which bore, besides the usual orange juice and coffee, two letters.

"The lady and the gentleman have gone," Tina stammered. "They left these notes; one for Madame and one for M'sieur."

Picking one up, Yvonne read it with a puzzled expression in her eyes.

Mon chere, (It ran)

Some day it would have ended. The American suggests that now would be as good a time as ever.

Julie.

"Tina must have mixed them," Yvonne remarked.

"Mais oui," Vincent laughed. "The one I have informs me that your beauty is second only to your virtue!" And as he took her pliant body in his arms once again, Yvonne began to realize just how pleasant it was, under the circumstances, to know that virtue was out of the question!



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SEARCH FOR LOVE

(Continued from page 12)

ing. Andre waited at the wheel, glancing up and down the boulevard at short intervals.

Suddenly he started as the door to his left opened and a seedy looking young man dropped into the seat beside him. In an instant he realized it was the insolent boy he had been forced to pick up on the road.

"Get out!" Andre boomed.

The boy grinned. "Did you ever read Maeterlinck's story about the blue-bird, Sir? Remember how they hunted for the blue-bird all over the world and then came back to find it in their back yard? Remember?"

"Get out!" Andre shouted.

"I thought you invited me to go to Biarritz with you? Backing out?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" Andre grabbed the youth's shabby jacket. It ripped open in his hand. He let out a startled gasp as he saw beneath it a white silk bathing suit covering jutting feminine breasts!

"Do we go to Biarritz, Andre?" Boots whispered.

The doorman at the hotel marveled at the speed with which the phaeton shot up the street!

"BUBBLES!"

(Continued from page 41)

was she going to be compelled to sit bolt upright, waiting for him to wake up?

"*Mais non!*" she murmured. "If he is sleeping so soundly, it will do no harm if I lie on the other side of the bed. . . He'll never know that I'm there!"

Off came her dress, and a silk underslip shimmered downward to her feet, to be followed by her stockings and lacy panties that had been affectionately hugging her symmetrical legs and thighs and the delightful contours of her hips. There was no brassiere to prevent her gloriously prominent young breasts from dominating the scene, their red tips glowing like rosebuds in the lamplight.

Over her head a nightdress cascaded, and then a kimono was drawn about her, effectively cloaking both charms and nightgown. . . She thought that she would relax like that and wait for Suzette to return, when they could decide what was to be done with Jimmy.

"Bah!" she muttered, standing over the bed. "Now he takes up all the space!"

It was comparatively easy for her to swing his legs around, but she found it was quite

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another matter to straighten out his body. Leaning over him, she put her arms about his shoulders and tugged, but without hudding him an inch.

"Ahhh!" she sighed. "He is so big, so strong, so heavy!"

Again she wound her arms about him, straining, but the only effect was to press her soft contours against his husky frame!

Nanette paused, panting for breath, her arms still around him, the tips of her breasts boring into his neck, where his collar had become unfastened. . . A thrill passed over her skin as she realized how close she was to him, but she didn't want to take her arms away.

She recalled the kiss she had tasted earlier in the evening, and the urge to fill her mouth with another was irresistible. . . She let his head go back on the pillow, then their lips were merged.

Nanette suddenly gasped when she felt two muscular arms coiling about her, and sensed in his mouth his thrilling response to the clinging warmth of her kiss!

JIMMY'S DREAMS HAD been filled with unconscious visions of bubbling champagne and beautiful girls. . . Then it seemed that amid the vista of bubbles all other pretty faces faded away except one, and that was the face of a lovely damsel with golden-brown curls.

He dreamed that he was kissing her madly, and showering her luscious form with caresses, as they planned a marriage and a honeymoon that was to be *tres plus grande!*

WONDERFUL NIGHT

(Continued from page 22)

of the most alluring girl in Paris? Or had the electric current failed? He had his answer in the next heart beat.

Out of the muffled gloom her amused voice came to him. "*M'sieur*, not for nothing have I been an actress!"

Turner groped a way forward. "Then you weren't asleep in the taxi—here? What?"

She laughed softly. "I wanted to see what you would do—how you would act? You have been very sweet, very protective and kind. You may bring me my nightie—"

Turner reached the bed. His outstretched hand touched her. The skin that had been cool and marble-like seemed to flame. His arm went around her. She urged herself to him and in the next minute her mouth was joined tightly with his in a kiss so ecstatic and rap-

turous that Turner seemed to sink into an ocean of bubbling bliss.

"You darling!" he whispered, choked.

She drew him closer to her.

"You," she breathed, "are the darling!"

TRONCHET HUNG OVER the rail of the Long-champs track. In the dawn of that Friday morning he watched the exercise boy on the horse as they came around the bend.

Tronchet snapped the stop-watch in his hand.

"One mile in a minute and forty seconds," he announced.

Turner nodded.

"Not bad. She ought to win the *Prix des Coteaux* easily. Come on, let's go back to the house and get some breakfast. I'm starved."

They walked toward the cottage that stood to the left of the stables.

"Monsieur Aleward will be with us this afternoon," Tronchet said. "He is bringing his new wife with him. I have found out about her. She is young, beautiful. Until recently she was a singer at the music halls. Funny how old men like girls with red hair."

"Very funny," Turner said.

"Another queer thing," Tronchet continued, "is the fact they are not going on a honeymoon."

Jack Turner smiled to himself.

"Maybe," he said, after a minute, "she had her honeymoon before she got married. Who knows? Strange things happen in Paris—on wonderful nights."

INTERLUDE'S END

(Continued from page 17)

all that make-up and temporary blonde hair-wash, you're just a sweet, innocent little daughter of Uncle Sam!"

"You—you guessed—?"

Bill nodded sagely. "Yes. I guessed. And when I saw you fooling with my drink, I smelled a rat. I determined to find out what you were up to. That's why I came here to your room. Then, while you were getting undressed in the next room, I found a letter on your bureau—and realized the truth."

"You found . . . a letter?"

"Yes. A letter to you from my old man—from my father. You're one of Dad's private secretaries. He sent you over here to drag me out of Paris, back to the States. You pretended to be a French *nymphe du pave* so that you could lure me up here. You tried to

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drug me. Had I fallen for the gag, you'd have had me taken, unconscious, to the train and shanghaied aboard the next steamer for home. Am I right?"

THE GIRL'S EYES suddenly swam with tears. "Y-yes!" she confessed. "You're right!" An abrupt sob shook her fragile frame. "And— and now, I've f- failed. After telling your father that I could bring you h-home, I've failed! You'll remain in Paris, and I'll l-lose my job. . . ."

Bill stared at her. "But I just told you I'd go back to New York with you. I also told you that I'm going to marry you."

"Y-you're saying that b-because of wh-what happened. . . ."

"I'm saying it because I'm crazy about you!" Bill Cunningham whispered as he grabbed at her, crushed her to him. "After tonight, there could never be any other girl in the world for me. . . .!"

Her eyes widened. She stared at Bill Cunningham. "Y-you d-don't mean that. . . .!" she gasped.

"Then I'll prove it!" he said. And he spent the rest of the time proving it. In fact, he was still proving it when, as Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cunningham, they occupied the bridal suite of the *Normandie* as that stout and palatial craft steamed majestically into New York Harbor several days later. . . .

INEVITABLE MAN

(Continued from page 8)

Renaile glanced at his watch. "About an hour, I should think," he said. He emptied the bottle and beckoned to the bartender.

"Then I still have time," I said. "I must find her. You see, m'sieur, I happen to be Roger Blake."

He was still staring after me as I clattered down the gangplank and bounded into a rickshaw.

I found Paulette, shaken, contrite but otherwise none the worse for her adventure. Sometimes things happen in Saigon.





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